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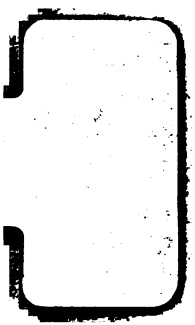

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Two Americans in a Motor Car Touring in Europe

by
HERBERT F. GUNNISON

Price 50 Cents

PUBLISHED BY THE
BROOKLYN EAGLE
BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

TWO AMERICANS IN A MOTOR CAR

Touring in Europe

A List of 60 Desirable Motor Tours, with
Table of Distances, Stopping Places,
Repair Stations, Etc.

By HERBERT F. GUNNISON

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THE REASON.

THERE ought to be a word of explanation why this book is published. The story appeared in the columns of the Brooklyn Eagle. It attracted some attention, and the desire was expressed by many that the articles should be republished in book form. That is the reason for it. A great many people are curious to know something about automobiling in Europe. Mr. S. M. Butler, secretary of the Automobile Club of America, wrote to the Eagle: "I certainly think the articles are well worth publishing in book form, and would make most interesting and instructive reading for those contemplating a European trip."

In the summer of 1905 the author, and a companion, both residents of Brooklyn, planned a short trip abroad. Aside from date of departure, a visit to London and Paris and date of sailing for home, little thought was given to the details of the trip. The possibility of taking some rides in automobiles was incidentally considered, and Secretary Butler, of the Automobile Club of America, had given some letters of introduction and an inquiry about a motor car had been sent to a company in Liverpool.

We did not decide to make the trip in England until we arrived in Liverpool. We found by experience that it was an easy matter to obtain good motor cars, excellent chauffeurs, and that prices were reasonable, and that the best way to see the country was by automobile. Our vacation outing was so satisfactory in every particular that on the way home some of the incidents of the trip were written out for newspaper publication. We found that there was great interest on the part of many people to know the cost of motoring, how to secure machines, and a general outline of a trip such as we had taken. Our ride in England consumed four days. It could have been extended for a week and included Southern Wales, and if another week had been added we could have seen the Lake Region and Scotland. In the last chapter a number of itineraries are given which will indicate what the traveler can do within a specified time. We felt that we must run on schedule time. This is a mistake. When it rains, as it did with us on the beginning of our trip, one should be content to remain in his hotel and wait for clear skies.

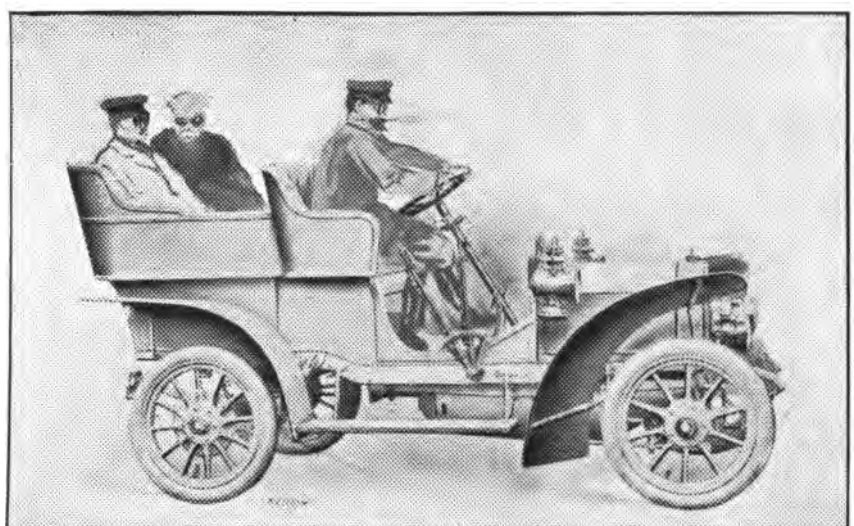
THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

Touring in Wales.

THIS is the story of two Americans in a motor car. The tale is a simple one. There is little of romance, not much of adventure, no exciting incidents, yet I trust it may have some interest because it will describe the modern way of seeing Europe. The stage coach and the four-in-hand are things of the past; bicycling for tourists has about had its day and is now hardly mentioned in the guide books. Of course, railway trains will do for those who wish to see the cities and to follow in the old, beaten tracks of travel, but to see the country and find out how the people live and explore the out-of-way places which even Baedeker has not found, one must go by automobile.

It is said that more Americans went to Europe last summer than in any previous year. A great many took automobiles with them, some purchased them abroad, while others hired machines. We were of the latter class, the Colonel and myself. To take your own automobile across the water means large expense and a great amount of bother and anxiety. Custom duties, taxes, speed



THE CAR USED BY TWO AMERICANS IN TOURING ENGLAND.

regulations of different countries, knowledge of routes, all made it quite desirable, so it seemed to us, to rent machines. Possessed of letters of introduction from the secretary of the Automobile Club of America we had little difficulty in making satisfactory arrangements with foreign automobile concerns.

We left New York on June 21 on the steamer Baltic. Automobiling was one of the chief topics of conversation on shipboard. Several parties had planned trips in England and on the Continent. When we reached Liverpool, about 9 o'clock in the evening, ex-Mayor Grant of New York found his large touring Panhard waiting for him at the dock, and with his wife and children, began his trip that evening by going to Chester. Hugh J. Chisholm, jr., also found his Mercedes touring car waiting for him, and with his father and mother began his trip the following morning. We received word on the steamer from the Road Carrying Company, Limited, of Liverpool, that our car would be in readiness for us when wanted. We went to the hotel and immediately telephoned to the company to send its representative to us at once. Ernest A. Rosenheim, the local manager, called upon us and mapped out an itinerary

that would take us through a portion of North Wales, through a most beautiful section of England to London. The price was to be 5 guineas per day, including services of a competent driver and necessary petrol (gasoline), we to pay for keep of the chauffeur while away from home. There is no such coin in England as a guinea, but the use of the name enables the thrifty Englishman to get a few more shillings out of the unsuspecting American. A guinea is 21 shillings, while a pound is but 20 shillings. This is a practice quite common in other parts of Europe where obsolete money terms are used by trades people in a similar manner. But we did not object to the extra five shillings, for the price appeared to be reasonable. We go into this matter of expense, thinking it may be of advantage to those who would like to take a similar trip. We had been told by our friends on the steamer to insist upon a French machine. Mr. Rosenheim said he was going to give us a 10-12-horse-power Argyll, made in Glasgow. We expressed disappointment at this selection, but he guaranteed that we would be satisfied. He promised to send the machine with a competent man to the hotel at 10 o'clock the following morning. When that hour arrived the machine did not. We

tried to telephone to the company, but we found then and on subsequent occasions that European telephones are not always in working order. We went to the office of the company and then to its garage, to learn that the man who was to go with us was sick, the other chauffeurs of the establishment were on the road, and that Mr. Rosenheim himself had decided to go with us. He would attend to some office matters and be ready to start about noon. In the meantime he advised us to procure the necessary goggles, gloves, waterproof coats, scarfs, etc. As the machine had no top or hood, he advised us to purchase rubber capes to be slipped over the head, and thus protect the entire body from rain. We did not quite fancy the idea of putting ourselves into bags and so we compromised with light waterproof dust coats. We used our steamer caps. At 12 o'clock we started, and just as we left the hotel it began to sprinkle, and by the time we reached the ferry across the Mersey it was raining hard. The Colonel wanted to postpone the trip, but our driver assured us that at that season of the year the rain would not last long. The Colonel had his doubts, and later on said that he believed it would rain for three days. Mr. Rosenheim laughed at the idea and I

felt that the Colonel was making a pretty long shot, but, as will be seen later, he was nearly correct in his prophecy.

A few miles out of Liverpool we passed through Port Sunlight, near Bebbington, an attractive park, with substantial houses and beautiful gardens, for the employes of the Sunlight Soap Company. There are a tavern, social hall, free library, and churches for the people, and the rent is only about $4 a month. From what we could learn this industrial enterprise has been a success. Many philanthropic gentlemen have tried to solve the problem of housing employes. George Pullman tried it with indifferent success near Chicago. Hugh J. Chisholm unfolded to us his plans for homes for the employes of his paper mills at Rumford, Maine. The one thing lacking in communities is ownership in fee simple of the land. It is the desire of nine out of every ten people to own land and a house—however small it may be. At Sunlight Park a man may occupy the same house for life, or so long as he remains in the employ of the company. It is certain that for the same amount of money he obtains a very much finer house and better surroundings than he could possibly obtain in the vicinity even if he owned his own house.

PHOENIX TOWER IN CHESTER, ONE OF THE OLDEST CITIES IN ENGLAND.

We reached Chester about 1 o'clock, and lunched there. The rain stopped long enough to give to us an opportunity to walk on top of the old Roman walls which surround the city, seeing the River Dee with its pleasure boats, reminding one of the scenes on the Thames, the old houses with overhanging stories, probably the best examples of ancient English architecture to be found on the island. These old houses with timber fronts and carved gables are to be seen in all parts of this city. In many other towns we found modern houses modeled after the old English style and in many cases brick walls were painted black to represent wooden beams. The Guide Book said the cathedral was interesting, but for some reason we were not much attracted to churches and museums. The people and the life of to-day interested us more.

Passing out of Chester we saw Eaton Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster, said to be one of the most elegant mansions of England. This was the first of the great estates and magnificent parks which were to unfold themselves to us like a panorama as we motored over old England. Right here I should say a word about the roads of England. In our entire trip we did not find a bit of road that was not

far better than any portion of the Merrick road, on Long Island. Our patriotic Americans like to criticise European ways, but they are compelled to hang their heads in shame when they compare American roads with those in the old country. It is true we haven't been in the business so long, but it is also true that the rural inhabitants of the United States do not appreciate the necessity for smooth roads and attractive highways. Here in England are shade trees on both sides of every highway, which, also, are lined by hedges, and in front of every wayside house is a garden of flowers. Perhaps Americans will some day learn this lesson and add a little beauty, and comfort and utility as well, by giving proper attention to their roads. These English roads are never straight, always winding and always beautiful, but somewhat dangerous to the automobile man who wants to speed. Our man was an expert. He did not keep within the speed limit except when he expected to meet officers of the law, and he had, by some intuitive knowledge, learned where they were hiding, and went around corners so carefully that we avoided accidents.

When we left Chester it began to rain harder than ever. Our raincoats were doing good service, but our caps were rather thin.

BISHOP LLOYD'S HOUSE, IN CHESTER.

On we speeded by the delta of the River Dee, and as we climbed the hills, saw the Irish Sea, which, indeed, would have been a grand sight had the weather favored. At Rhuddlan we passed an old castle which did not belie its appearance for antiquity, and at Abergele we saw another castle, the home of Lord Dundonald. It might seem that we were taking in a vast amount of valuable information about lords and castles and ruins, but I assure the reader that our knowledge is not one whit more than appears in the above statements. But we saw the old Castle of Conway, erected in 1284, of which Hawthorne said, "Nothing ever can have been so perfect in its own style, and for its own purposes, when it was first built, and now nothing else can be so perfect as a picture of ivy-grown, peaceful ruin."

Just out of Conway we stopped to repair a broken string, that held the extra shoe, which was tied to the side of the car. A small boy stood near, and seeing our needs gave us a leather shoe string. We offered him a coin, and to our amazement—in Europe—he refused it. We begged him to accept the money, which he reluctantly did. This was the first and only time our money was not accepted with avidity. The scenery was beautiful, but how it did rain!

The Colonel was now positive that we were in for a three days soak and he bewailed the fact that we were going through such beautiful country under such unsatisfactory conditions. I am more optimistic and tried to get some comfort out of the fact that after the rain was over we would not be troubled with dust. In the meantime the drops were oozing through my cap onto my bald head.

On past Lungwostinnon, Llandrilloyn Rhos, Llansantfraid, Llangerniew, Llandoged, Gwytherin and Llanrwst. They are correctly spelled for I copied them from the map, but I am glad that I am not talking into a phonograph. If I was I should refuse to make a record of this part of the journey. The names of the trades people are all right, those predominating being Davis, Evans, Williams and Jones.

"Is this the way to Betty?" we heard our driver ask.

It was, and in a few moments, about 6 o'clock at night, wet, tired, and hungry, we drove up to the Waterloo Hotel, at Bettws-y-Coed.

It was a typical country inn with low ceiling rooms, cheerful open fireplaces, soft beds and a candle in our chamber, but no soap. Luckily we had one bottle of

JAW-BREAKING NAMES OF PLACES IN WALES.
(From a Post-card.)

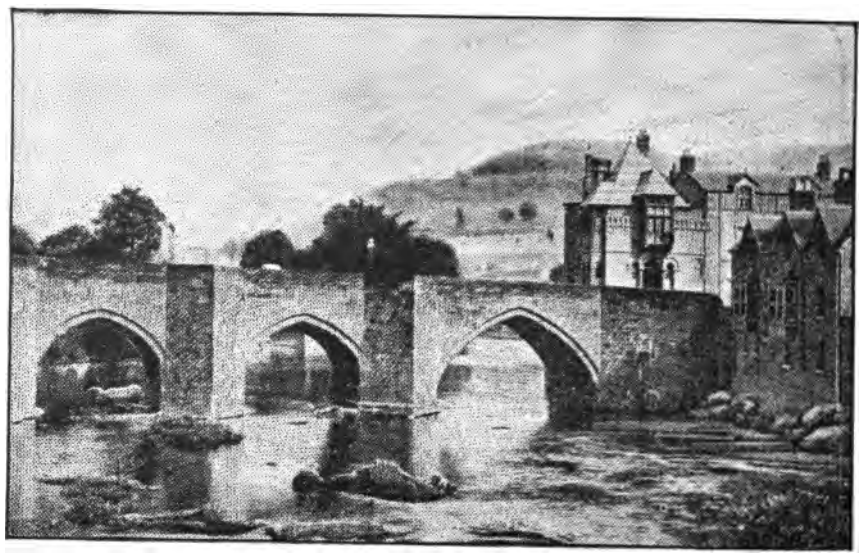
Brooklyn Club whisky which our friend had sent to the steamer. On his card to me he said: "Take care of your cargo (meaning the Colonel). See that he does not get below the water line. I have found by experience that he has no 'Plimsol line.' "

Well, it was a life saver this time. With the furious storm beating into our faces and the jaw-breaking Welsh names trying to get into our heads, we needed something bracing. Washed and braced we came to dinner. Mr. Rosenheim joined us. Such a dinner! I suppose the reader is not interested in what we had to eat, but let me add that while the scenery of Wales is magnificent, and the castles fine, a dinner at the Waterloo, after a 120-mile ride in an automobile, is, at least, worth mentioning by the veracious chronicler. The next morning we arose to find it still raining. Our trip to Mount Snowdon had to be given up. We desired to remain until the storm ceased, but we were running on schedule time, and so concluded to proceed. We purchased a couple of sou'westers for our heads and thus protected were able to meet the storm. The ride about the region of Bettws-y-Coed, and down the mountain to Carwen was exceedingly interesting. The roads were superb and the view a continuous

panorama of beauty. What it would have been on a clear day we could easily imagine. We lunched at Llangollen at the Head Hotel. It was Saturday, and about noon the sun came out, to our great delight. Llangollen is a queer old Welsh town, with an ancient bridge crossing the River Dee. Saturday, half holiday, excursionists were coming into the place. What the attractions were we could not tell, but all the visitors appeared to be having a good time. It takes very little to please these people. While waiting for our machine to be made ready we strolled into an old burying ground in the rear of the hotel, and found this interesting inscription on a tombstone:

> Patrick Jones, died December 16, 1811, aged 19 years.
>
> Our life is but a worthless day,
> Some only breakfast and away,
> Others to dinner stay and are full fed,
> The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
> Large is his debt who lingers out the day;
> Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

The afternoon ride with fair weather was a delight. The motor car ran beautifully and the driver paid little attention to speed regulations. The matter of chief concern were the quick turns in the road, especially on down grade. We met but few automobilists, but the inclement weather doubtless



LLANGOLLEN BRIDGE.

was the reason. We passed through a beautiful region, but few villages of any importance. At evening we reached Shrewsbury, and stopped for the night at the Raven, a quaint old inn. The city has an old castle still doing business, a fine public library and museum, an ancient church, a statue in the public square to Lord Clive, and an old bakery, made famous by a quotation from one of Ingoldsby's Legends. While strolling about the principal street we noticed the Clarendon Hotel (and English saloon), and out of respect to John Hill, of Brooklyn, we entered and asked the barmaid if she could give us an American cocktail. She could not. The Colonel offered to assist in making one if she could furnish the necessary concoctions. The young woman was not enterprising, for she was unable to produce the necessary mixture; one thing fatal to the performance was the lack of ice. How a well-equipped bar could be run without ice was a mystery to us. The long rides made "early to bed" a necessity.

At 10 o'clock Sunday morning we had breakfast and were on our way for a long ride that was to land us at Stratford-on-Avon at night. The scenery was soon to change. We were coming to the Black Country, the land of mines and of furnaces.

Just before reaching Wellington we heard a sharp report—a sound that every automobilist knows and dreads. It was the bursting of a tire. This meant an hour's job for Mr. Rosenheim, with what assistance I could give to him. This was the first accident of any kind that we had had. While making the repairs the Colonel strolled along the road, and seeing a woman apparently at work near a house by the wayside, asked her if she was making a garden. Her reply was: "No, only seeing if the potato vines were taking root." She would not for the world be suspected of working on the Sabbath. We pushed on through mining towns, uninteresting and in marked contrast to the rural scenery of the previous day.

CHAPTER II.

Through Beautiful England.

OUR car was a very easy riding one—in fact, the roads of England make it possible for almost any car to ride easy. The tonneau was not large, but sufficient to carry our limited amount of baggage, which consisted of two dress suit cases. We had sent our trunks and heavy luggage (that is what it is called in Europe) to London. We don't like the European method of handling luggage. We worried considerably, fearing we would reach the Carlton about dinner time and find no clothes suitable for the occasion. Fortunately, our trunks turned up all right. The English have no checking system like ours.

From Wolverhampton to Birmingham, a distance of nearly twenty miles, is almost a continuous city, with Wednesbury in between. Here are some of the great manufacturing towns of England, hardware being among the chief products. We lunched at Birmingham, and as we were leaving the Grand Hotel it began to rain, so that the Colonel's prophecy that we would have rain for three days became true. The ride was through one of the most beautiful sections

of England to Coventry, Kenilworth, Warwick, Leamington and Stratford. It was Sunday, and we could not enter Kenilworth Castle, said to be the finest ruin in England, or Warwick, which Scott calls "the fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendor which yet remains uninjured by time." We saw all that was to be seen on the outside of these historic places, and rode on to Leamington, with its broad streets, fine houses, handsome gardens, spacious hotels and the springs which make the place a popular resort.

We reached Stratford in time for dinner, and put up at the Red Horse Inn, a place made famous by Washington Irving. The chair in which he used to sit, and other mementoes of the distinguished American, are carefully kept and shown to visitors. Here we met a party of Americans, including President Gunnison, of St. Lawrence University, who had crossed with us on the Baltic. In the evening we went to church. I am sorry to record that the service was not the chief motive. We were anxious to see where Shakspeare was buried, and read the doggerel epitaph which, clearly, was not written by the poet. To do this we were obliged to listen to the sermon, and then hasten to the back of the church, while the

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE IN STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

audience was dispersing. The building is not open to sightseers on Sunday.

Stratford is a very interesting place, aside from being the home of Shakspeare. The writer, Marie Corelli, now lives there in a house on one of the main streets. She has a gondola and her boathouse is on the river, just back of the church. Corelli evidently attaches more importance to her whereabouts than others do. It is evident that she thinks she adds something to the attractions of the place. Recently the townspeople have compelled the association which controls all the Shakspeare memorials, and which has made the place attractive to tourists, to pay taxes on its property. It would seem as if the local authorities were trying to kill the goose that laid the golden egg. Americans outnumber all others who come to this shrine. One of our friends met an Englishman at Stratford, and said to him: "And so you are here to visit the home of the immortal bard?" "Oh, no," replied the man, "I came here to fish." We had considerable fun with the people at the Shakspeare house, and at the Anne Hathaway cottage, by incidentally mentioning something about the Baconian theory. It was an unpleasant subject and immediately caused the faithful custodians to enter upon a vig-

orous denunciation of those who would rob the Stratford poet of his laurels. The Colonel, who has been a careful reader of Shakspeare, and can quote from many of his plays, became satisfied that the Baconites did not have a leg to stand on. One thing that greatly impressed him was the fact that Shakspeare's father was a prominent man in the town, and occupied one of the best houses in the place. William Shakspeare came of an excellent family and evidently had a good common school education, and was not the ignorant fellow that some would claim. In front of the Hathaway cottage were some unkempt urchins, who for a few pennies would recite in monotonous cockney:

"The quality of mercy is not strained," etc.

This exhibition, while exceedingly comical, jarred somewhat on our sensibilities, and did not seem to be quite the proper thing. Everything else was in harmony and good taste, except the abominable architecture of the Shakspeare Memorial Building.

The Red Horse Inn was once a great place for coaching parties, but now the motor takes the place of the four-in-hand to the disgust of the landlord. When a party

drove up with horses it usually meant a night and two or three meals. Now the majority of automobilists take a meal and are off to the next place or run back to London—pity for tired horses is not an element to be considered in the case of the gasoline engine.

Our next stop was at Oxford, and with the assistance of a guide we entered the University and graduated in about two hours. It is, of course, a most interesting place, but one of our practical American friends observed that it was so held down by traditions and English conservatism that the students of to-day could not enjoy modern conveniences and up-to-date methods of living and of study such as are to be found in American college towns. We are of the opinion, however, that Oxford is not far behind the times, even if its dormitories are antiquated and its curriculum rigid. We were sorry not to be present when the University in special convocation gave a degree to Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University. We left our congratulations to the distinguished educator. He had been a fellow passenger on the Baltic, and had made a capital speech at the concert which is always given on the ships of these lines for the benefit of disabled seamen. He was

MAGDALEN TOWER AND BRIDGE AT OXFORD.

received royally by University people not only in London, Oxford and Manchester, but in Paris.

I fear this story is lacking in detail about the motor car (that is the only name used in England). When the machine is running smoothly and we are enjoying the beautiful scenery there is not much to say about the car. If it was breaking down or the carbureter not doing its duty or a dozen other important parts of the mechanism not working properly, we should have something to say. But our machine was all right and our driver an expert. We expected to be fined, if not jailed, before the trip was over, but somehow our man knew just when to "hold up." Often he would get a signal from a passing chauffeur, and the innocent way in which he would go by the next policeman was something to be admired. He would not slow up with a jerk, but would gradually come to low speed, and in such a skillful manner that the Bobby probably would upbraid himself for suspecting a few moments before that we were coming at a forbidden pace. Once we ran over the tail of a yelping dog. Our man backed the machine a quarter of a mile to see if he had injured the animal. He had not, but it was refreshing to see the appreciation of the dog's

owners (they were evidently very poor people) that we had taken the trouble to come back to investigate the matter. Such regard for the rights of others is in marked contrast with some American drivers.

On the way to London we spent a portion of the day at Henley and saw the great race between the English crew, Leander Club, and the American crew, the Vesper Club of Philadelphia. It was a plucky fight. The Vespers had won the day before, and there were some who thought the American boys had a chance of winning. But it was to be remembered that an eight-oared English crew has never been beaten. The Leanders had a slight advantage at the start, which they kept and increased slightly to the finish. We met some of the American crew later, and they highly praised the way they had been treated at Henley. Everything that could possibly be done to make their visit pleasant was done, and so generous and kindly were the Englishmen when the race was over that they could not imagine what would have happened had they been victorious. No victory at home had ever been so pleasant as their defeat in England.

There is nothing in America to compare with a day on the Thames. We have no outdoor sport just like it. People come to

Henley by the thousands (and the same thing takes place every Sunday on the river near London). They go out in small row boats, and on both sides of the river slowly make their way up or down the stream, but for most of the time during the races hemmed in so tight that one boat can hardly pass another. There is no noise, no confusion, no disturbance of any kind, and yet there are hundreds of small boats jostling each other in the narrow river. Even the police are quiet, and with good nature succeed in keeping the boats behind the lines and the course clear for the races. It is a wonderful sight. Many people are on the banks of the river, while in elaborate house boats are many brilliant parties. On the banks and in boats are all sorts of entertainers. Some of the singers wear dominoes and masks, so that their identity may not be known. There are plenty of musicians and singers, and all happy and good natured, while on the shore "Punch and Judy" shows and travelling minstrels help to entertain the crowds. When lunch time comes some eat in their boats, while others land on the bank of the river and sit under a tree and make merry with their repast. We were the guests of Mr. Hugh J. Chisholm, of

New York, who had three boats, and royally entertained a party of American friends.

Our ride from Henley to London was made in a few hours, and we stopped at Stoke Pogis, the scene of Gray's "Elegy," and the poet's burial place. The monument in a field near by was erected by the son of William Penn, who owned Stoke Park, with which the little church was connected.

On the monument is the following inscription:

"This monument, in honor of Thomas Gray, was erected A.D. 1799, among the scenery celebrated by that great lyric and elegiac poet. He died in 1771 and lies unnoticed in the adjoining churchyard, under the tombstone on which he piously and pathetically recorded the interment of his aunt and much lamented mother."

Four stanzas from "Gray's Elegy" are inscribed on the sides of the monument.

Later on, while in Westminster Abbey, we saw another monument to Gray with this inscription:

"No more the Grecian muse unrivall'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay;
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

While we had greatly admired Mr. Rosenheim's ability as a chauffeur, we were simply astonished at the way he manipulated the machine in the streets of London. We were in and out of vehicle tangles that

GRAVEYARD AND VILLAGE CHURCH AT STOKE POGIS, WHERE THE ENGLISH POET, GRAY, WROTE THE "ELEGY."

seemed almost inextricable, and after an exciting ride reached the Carlton. We had travelled over 400 miles without accident or delay.

In the evening Mr. Rosenheim took me in the machine to the First Avenue Hotel to meet some friends, and then we took a spin about the streets of London. The obstructions were not so great as in the afternoon, but going at the speed he did it required the greatest amount of skill. It was a ride to be remembered. One moment we were looking

at St. Paul's Cathedral, then the Bank of England and next the Tower of London; in a little while we passed Westminster Abbey, then we rushed around the circle in front of the Savoy, and next were at Hyde Park, back again to High Holborn and a return to my hotel to bid good-by to our good friend who was to start early the next morning for Liverpool.

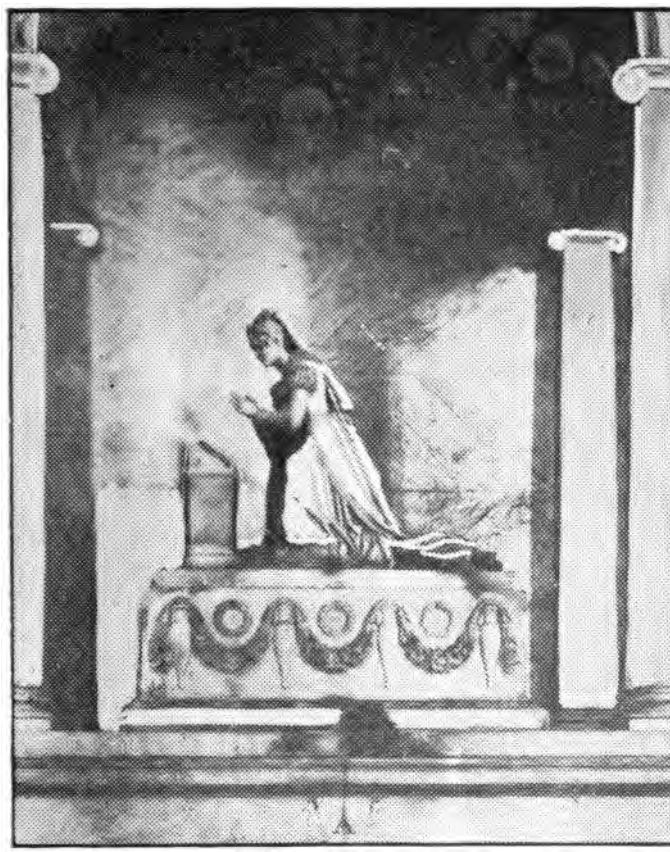
Our stay in London was a pleasant one. We were fortunate in seeing the Queen of England, and noted the great respect in which the royal family is held by the people of the United Kingdom. Only words of praise for King Edward were heard on all sides and from all classes of people.

The great subject at present discussed by Englishmen is the tariff. From our somewhat limited observation we judged that there was not much chance of the free trade policy being abandoned or even modified. We were invited to luncheon at Dorchester House, by Minister Reid. It was a delightful experience. Mr. Reid occupies the finest private residence in London. He and his wife are already very popular in London, and the home of the American ambassador will surely become one of the social centers of the great metropolis.

CHAPTER III.

Motoring About Paris.

UR first trip in France in an automobile was a day's ride out of Paris in an electric car such as can be had on the boulevard at 6 francs an hour. It was a clumsy affair, and not fast and not to be recommended for suburban travel. There were four of us on this trip, the Colonel, Miss Emma Bullet, George C. Adams and myself. Mr. Adams had recently taken charge of the Brooklyn Eagle Paris Bureau, and his French was not much better than the Colonel's, though infinitely better than mine. Mr. Adams is an old Brooklynite, and there were but few visitors to his office whom he did not know. Miss Bullet is the Eagle's Paris correspondent, and continuously for over twenty-five years she has been writing for the columns of the Eagle. She is an exceedingly interesting woman, and although an American born is one of the most enthusiastic Parisians I have ever met. She loves Paris. Her apartments, which overlook the Bois de Boulogne, are, in her opinion, the finest in the world; her friends are the best people alive, her paper the finest published—in fact she is a thorough optimist, and with her as



TOMB OF JOSEPHINE IN RUEIL CHURCH.

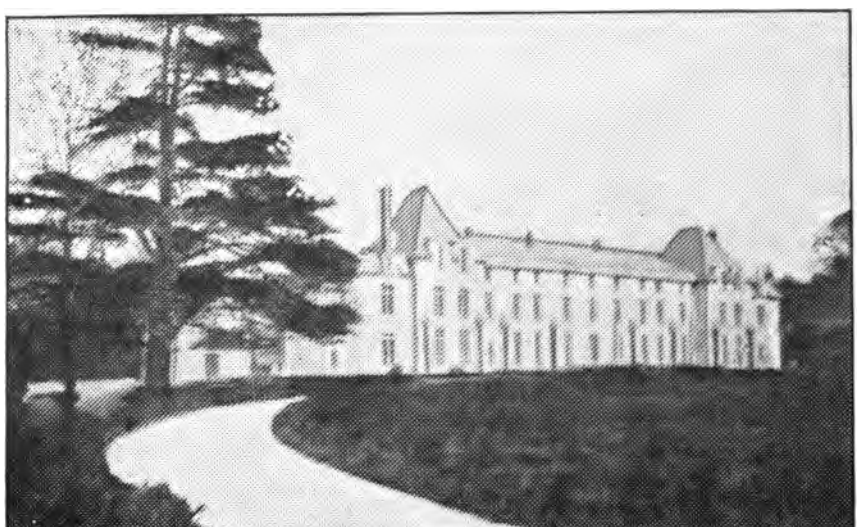
a conversationalist, we did not care much whether the motor car was fast or slow. Miss Bullet was a Red Cross nurse during the siege of Paris, and has been honored by the government for her loyal services. She is one of the best known literary women in Paris, and her receptions are attended by some of the brightest and most distinguished people in the city. She has the entree to the offices and homes of government officials, foreign ambassadors, and to the studios of the famous artists of the world. She cannot understand why I like New York so much better than I do Paris.

We rode through the Bois de Boulogne and on the way met President Loubet driving a handsome span of horses, one white and the other black. It was a one-seated carriage, and not in any way conspicuous. The President frequently acknowledged the salutations of the people who recognized him. While not a brilliant man he appears to be well liked by the French people.

The ride into the country was a pleasant one though not so picturesque as we found in the outskirts of London. We stopped at Rueil and visited the church which contains the tombs of Josephine and of Queen Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III. The tomb mentions the fact that Hortense was

the daughter of Josephine, but not that she was the mother of the Emperor. In fact, nowhere in France could we discover any memorials to the Third Napoleon, yet he ruled for twenty-one years and probably did more, for Paris, at least, than did the First Napoleon. But he was not a hero like Bonaparte, and his virtues are unsung. The grand boulevards of Paris are, however, in themselves memorials to this man. Near Rueil is Malmaison, the residence of Josephine after her divorce. It was here that Napoleon remained ten days with Josephine after the battle of Waterloo. The castle, which is the property of the nation, is undergoing complete restoration, and will become the National Napoleonic Museum. It is a beautiful place and well worth a visit.

Just as we reached the Great Trianon at Versailles we again heard that significant sound—a tire had burst. We told the driver he could meet us at the Cafe Reservoir at 7 o'clock in the evening. We visited the Little Trianon, where Marie Antoinette played farming with her royal friends. A sweet young American girl, in very poor French, asked me what a certain building was, and when I told her in English that I did not know, she smiled, and so did I. I



RESIDENCE IN MALMAISON OF JOSEPHINE, AFTER HER DIVORCE.

stick to the native tongue—I find it more satisfactory. Nine times out of ten, after a terrible struggle with the French language, you find the party addressed can understand your English but not your French. After we had dined and waited patiently for an hour our driver did not appear, and we left a note for him stating that we had gone to Paris by train. The next day when he came for his money he said he had another accident on the way home, and it was lucky for us that we went by train. I should have mentioned that we took this ride on July 14, which celebrates the fall of the Bastile and corresponds with our Fourth of July. There are no fireworks, but the people have just as good a time. There are bands of music on temporary stands in different parts of the city, and the people dance in the streets. I was much impressed with this custom. The people were happy and apparently enjoying themselves hugely. There was no rowdyism or drunkenness or disorderly conduct of any kind. That is one of the days when all of the beggars in the city are permitted on the streets. There were lots of them, and they were all doing a good business.

While in Paris we visited the Eagle Bureau daily, and got much information about

automobiles from the representatives in charge.

We wanted to go to Tours by automobile and partially made arrangements to do so. We had three or four days to spare and expected to go to Tours in one day, spend a day or two in visiting the chateaus and return in one day. Forman Brothers, to whom we applied for a machine, said we could make the trip in three days. When we came to select a machine at the garage to which we had been sent by Mr. Forman we were told that the trip must take seven days and that we must allow two days in going to Tours. The manager finally said we might be able to do it in five days. It was very evident that they did not wish to use up tires by fast runs. His schedule took us to Chartres the first day. Our automobile friends at the Hotel Ritz told us that the drive to Chartres ought not to take over three hours. We had been told that automobiles could be rented much cheaper in France than in England. We found that was not the case. The price per day was the same, but we had to pay for the essence (gasoline). In fact our dealings were so unsatisfactory, having been promised one car and then offered another, and the restrictions as to speed forming such an an-

noyance, that we gave up the trip. For those who are interested in the cost of automobiling in France it may be well to add that M. C. Migel, of New York City, but formerly of Brooklyn, and his companion, Francis P. Lyons, a recent graduate of Colgate University, rented a large motor car for a trip to Southern France, and paid 175 francs a day, but this included every possible expense, the board of the chauffeur, the gasoline and the garage charges. We accepted the invitation of a friend to accompany him in his 40-horse power Mercedes in a run of a couple of hundred miles out of Paris. This was a thrilling experience. At times we rode at the rate of forty miles an hour. There were but few turns in the roads. For miles at a stretch we could let the machine out at full speed. Of course, there are no such roads in the world as in France. What rural scenery we saw did not compare with that of England, but friends who have been in the southern part of France and also in England give the palm to the former. They say the country is beautiful beyond compare. We visited Chartres and saw the famous church which is regarded as the finest Gothic cathedral in France. The two spires, one 371 feet high, and the other 340, are unrivalled for light-

La Saint-Chappelle.

ness and grace. We saw the castle where Mme. Maintenon lived, and we spent a night at a famous chateau with a history running back for 600 years. It had recently been thoroughly modernized, and was attractive inside, and with its spacious parks and gardens exceedingly interesting on the outside.

France has unquestionably done more in the development of the automobile than any other country. The Gordon Bennett Cup race again decided that a French machine was superior—if such contests are fair tests of a machine's merit, aside from the matter of speed. The American machine made a very poor showing. The Mercedes people were apparently very much disturbed by their defeat and in a letter to the papers stated that the tires were entirely to blame. The machine started at full speed and in a short time ground the tires to pieces. The Richard-Braiser people claimed that their tires, the Mechlin, served them well, because they were able to start the machine gradually. It was difficult for inexperienced men like ourselves to find out very much about the merits of the several French autos. Each one had its admirers, and each its good points, that were admitted by all. The demand for the Mercedes is very large. The American agent has already contracted for

125 machines for next year. The Panhard is very popular, and so is the Italian machine, the Fiat.

We saw much of Paris in an easy, indolent fashion, including such ghastly sights as the Morgue, and romantic spots as the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, in the Pere La Chaise; the beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg, and the superb Gothic masterpiece of St. Louis, Ste. Chapelle. We called upon our American Ambassador, Mr. McCormick, and the first secretary, Vignaud, who has been in the embassy over thirty years. The previous summer we frequently breakfasted with Mr. McCormick at Kaiser Park, in Carlsbad. He was then the ambassador to Russia—but this is not motoring, which is the only excuse for this rambling story.

CHAPTER IV.

Brussels and Waterloo.

OUR next ride was from Brussels to the battlefield of Waterloo. In this case it was four people in a motor car, and two were women. At the hotel we learned that two American women were anxious to go to Waterloo, but could not spare the time to go by coach, the usual method, and would like to go by automobile. We were only too glad to invite them to join our party. To our delight we found that one of the women was Dr. Pyle, a teacher in the Brooklyn Girls High School, and her companion was Mrs. Bush, a resident of Portland, Ore.

The Monument that Commemorates the Battle of Waterloo.

THE MONUMENT ERECTED BY THE FRENCH ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF WATERLOO.

The Colonel soon discovered that he had once traveled with a family from Portland, who were well known to our companion. From the car window one can get very little idea of the beautiful country about Brussels. We got an early start and rode through the boulevards of Brussels and the Rue Louise, reminding one of the Champs Elysees of Paris, and along the Chaussee de Waterloo, and then the beautiful Bois de la Cambre, a wooded park of 450 acres, which reminded us very much of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and then for miles through the forest of Soignies, and by the main highway, lined by high lime trees, to the battlefield. The village of Waterloo is four miles from the battlefield.

Wellington spent the night there before the battle at Waterloo, and for that reason selected the name, while the Prussians still call it the battle of La Belle Alliance, the place where most of the fighting actually occurred. We had been told that there was not very much of interest at this historic spot. We were agreeably disappointed. It was full of interest. The guide, who claimed to be the son of one who had fought on the field, attempted in very poor English, to tell us the story of the great fight. We found our guide books of more use to us. What interested us most was the fact that after ninety years this place is about the same as it was in June, 1815, before Napoleon met his defeat. The fields of grain doubtless looked as they did at that time, and the farm houses, which were important centers during the engagements, remain in about the same condition as they were then. Of course, the chapel of Hougomont still shows evidence of the battle, but the outbuildings, all that was left of an old chateau, are in use, with nothing to show that it was a great landmark in history. This spot formed the key to the British position, and had Napoleon once gained possession of it, his advantage would have been incalculable. A farm hand left his work to show us the

Chapel of Hougomont, Which Formed the Key to the British Position at Waterloo.

well in which over 300 bodies had been thrown, and the orchard, in which 1,500 men fell in less than an hour. The only memorials of the battle are the Lion Mount, erected by the Belgians; the Prussian monument, an iron obelisk; a stone column, commemorating the valor of the Scottish regiment, and the French monument, a bronze eagle, commemorating the heroic attack of the French Imperial Guard, under Marshal Ney. The mound is 200 feet in height, built of masonry, and covered with earth, on top of which is a Belgian lion, made of the metal of captured French cannon, and said to weigh 28 tons. It is certainly a striking monument, and the top of the mound gives a magnificent view of the entire battlefield. We were interested to see the French monument. It is an easy matter to make fitting monuments of a victory, but not so easy to make record of a defeat—especially such a defeat as the French received. But the sculptor Gerome was equal to the occasion. The eagle has been fatally wounded, but the head is erect and the eye clear, meeting death courageously, and making a last effort to spread its wings, ragged with bullet shots. We rode to the different points of interest in our motor car, and returned to Brussels, passing the house

Ll Belle Alliance, Where Most of the Battle of Waterloo Was Fought.

where Victor Hugo wrote "Les Miserables," and the village of Waterloo, with church and hotel and their memorials of Wellington, and again, on the boulevards of the Forest Soignies, over which the British officers passed when summoned from the famous ball which has become immortal in Byron's, "There was a sound of revelry by night."

We did not learn the name of our machine, but it was very easy riding, and had about a 15-horse-power engine. The chauffeur could not speak English, and we were unable to ask questions. In Belgium, as in Holland, most of the roads in the country are paved with stone or brick. This does not make particularly easy riding, but the trip to Waterloo was by no means uncomfortable. It was a ride we greatly enjoyed, and our women friends contributed a good part to the pleasure of the excursion. From Brussels we went to The Hague, stopping for a short time at Rotterdam and noting the statue and home of Erasmus, the Cathedral and the vast shipping interests of this enterprising city. The Hague is the delight of all travelers.

CHAPTER V.

Touring in Holland.

AUTOMOBILING in Holland was more in vogue than we expected. The low country does not appeal to one's imagination as a choice place for motoring, yet we found plenty of machines. At Scheveningen, the great seaside resort of The Hague, there were automobile races which commanded considerable attention in the European papers. We saw one of the races in which we noticed two White steamers from America. The majority of the machines were of French make.

Scheveningen is an exceedingly interesting place. There are several large hotels built on the sand dunes, all of brick or stone, and a large iron pier with a casino at the end where concerts are given daily. On the beach are hundreds of large wicker hood chairs, which are exceedingly comfortable. It is surprising that the enterprising people of Coney Island and other American seaside resorts do not import some of these chairs I think they would be in demand by those who go to the seashore for a day's outing. The promenade in front of the hotels extends for a mile, and is paved with brick.

WICKER CHAIRS ON THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN.

On one side is a broad boulevard, and the ocean, and on the other handsome stores and cafes. It is certainly a charming place and the only criticism we found was the difficulty in pronouncing the name. We did not find an American who could give the native pronunciation, and but few Europeans whom we met were able to give the right twist to the letters. At one end of Scheveningen is a quaint old settlement of Holland fishermen. When the herring season begins it has been the custom for many years to send the first catch to the ruler of the country.

The Hague is wonderfully interesting. It is not so large as to make sight-seeing burdensome. While there are not many objects of special moment to the traveler, yet those that are seen are of great merit. In the picture gallery are two pictures of world wide reputation, Paul Potter's "Bull," and Rembrandt's "Lesson in Anatomy." England has offered a million francs for the former picture. It was painted for a butcher's sign, and sold for about $200. The subject is the simplest—a bull, life size, standing with its head turned toward the spectator, a cow lying down, a few sheep, a shepherd and a distant landscape. Paul Potter's bull is alive. That is why the pic-

ture appeals to those who see it, with such force. It has often been criticised by experts, but the people like it, and it is one of the masterpieces of art. But we did not spend very much time in art galleries. We visited the Queen's Palace. In the summer time the Queen lives at Gelderland. By an old law the ruler of Holland must spend at least ten days of each year in Amsterdam, and during that time the city pays the royal board bill.

We found a large garage which was highly recommended, and had the pick of several machines for our tour in Holland. We settled on a Prosper Lambert of about 10-12-horse-power, with a comfortable tonneau. The price was very reasonable, $20 a day. We mapped out a trip that would take in the places which had given names to so many of the localities in Greater New York. The Colonel is of Dutch ancestry, but he was not particularly anxious to find any of his ancestors. While he was glad that they had lived in Holland, and had given him a good constitution, he was equally glad that they had sense enough to leave the old country a good many years ago. It was a beautiful day, and we got an early start. We rode through the forest of The Hague, which is its finest ornament. It is a dense

wood of alder trees, oaks and beeches, the largest to be found in Europe. In the midst of it is the Huis-ten-Bosch, or "House in the Wood." In the palace are handsome rooms, splendidly furnished, with walls adorned with costly hangings and superb frescoes.

The Orange Hall, where the last peace commission met, is octagonal in shape, the walls and ceiling covered entirely with pictures by pupils of Rubens, of Prince Frederick Henry. It certainly is a very remarkable room. The International Court of Arbitration, which Mr. Carnegie is to build at a cost of $1,500,000, is to be located to the north of the woods on what is called "Benoordenhoutsche Polder" — whatever that means.

It is ten miles to Leyden, through a somewhat undulating country—we would call it level in our land—with handsome villas and red roofed farm houses, with the ever present canals, a few trees, windmills plentiful, and fine Holstein cattle without number. The road is paved with brick and remarkably smooth. There are no ruts in these roads, and the explanation is that there is no heavy trucking over them, as the canals are the highways for products of the farmers. Leyden is one of the most ancient

City Hall in Leyden.

towns of Holland. It has had a remarkable history. Because of its brave defense against the Spaniards, in the sixteenth century, William of Orange offered to reward the citizens by exempting them from taxation for a certain number of years or by the establishment of a university in their city. They chose the latter favor. The University of Leyden became one of the most famous in Europe. At one time it had 2,000 students. Now there are but a few hundred. Other universities were established at Amsterdam and Utrecht, and Leyden University, like the city itself, has declined. The solitude and silence of the city are noticeable. The city stands on fifty small islands, made by the Rhine and its branches. What interested us most was the fact that the Pilgrim Fathers started from this city. When the English Separatists left England they came to Leyden with their pastor, John Robinson, and set out from his church on the voyage to the new world. On the spot where Robinson lived there was erected in the latter part of the seventeenth century, a large house for the old people of his congregation, and on the house is this inscription: "On this spot lived, taught and died, John Robinson, 1611-1625."

On the Church of St. Peter, the largest in

the city, is a tablet with a picture of the Mayflower and these words:

In memory of
JOHN ROBINSON, M.A.,
Pastor of the English Church worshiping
over against this spot A.D. 1609-1625,
Whence at his prompting went forth the
Pilgrim Fathers
To settle in New England in 1620.
Buried under this house of worship,
4 March, 1625, aged XLIX years.
In Memoria Aeterna Erit Justus.

Erected by the National Council of the
Congregational Churches of the United
States of America, A. D. 1891.

From Leyden we proceeded to Haarlem, a distance of eighteen miles. The dunes or sand hills extend along the Dutch coast and could be seen as we journeyed northward. This region between Leyden and Haarlem and Amsterdam was at one time covered with water, and known as the Haarlem Lake. In 1840 the water was pumped out at a cost of 7,243,000 florins. While the expense was large Holland gained a new province of fertile soil. We pass Endegees, for many years the residence of Descartes. As we approach Haarlem we see innumerable gardens and warehouses for seeds and bulbs. Holland is a great country for tulips and hyacinths. About the middle of the seventeenth century the people went crazy over the raising of bulbs. Speculation of the wildest kind was indulged in. A tulip called

Semper Augustus sold for 13,000 florins. After the collapse of high finance this same flower sold for 50 florins.

Haarlem has a population of about 65,000 people. It is one of the cleanest and most attractive towns in Holland. It has the appearance of being prosperous and somewhat aristocratic. We visited the great fish market and next to it the Groote Kerk, an imposing structure built in the fifteenth century. These old churches in Holland which were once grand cathedrals, are now severely plain. There are no pictures or ornamentation of any kind in the interior. The Dutch church, with high-backed pews, such as we had in the New England churches, surrounded by a high, wooden fence, occupies about a third of the space of the great church. The rest of the building, including the choir, remains unoccupied and is cold and uninviting. In this church is an organ constructed in 1738 with 5,000 pipes, and which at one time was the largest and most powerful in the world. In the public square is a statue erected to the memory of Lawrence Coster, who lived in Haarlem, and who, the Dutch claim, discovered the art of printing. That he did something in block printing is generally admitted. but though the controversy has been a bitter one for

years, the claim of the Germans that Guttenberg originated type is almost universally accepted, except by the Chinese.

Another ride of twelve miles and we are at Amsterdam, the metropolis of Holland—a city with 538,000 inhabitants. We rode about the city, saw the Oude Kerk, which dates from the thirteenth century, and the Nieuwe Kerk, begun in 1408, and rebuilt in 1648, and regarded as one of the finest churches in Holland. It was here that Queen Wilhelmina was crowned in 1898. She was married at The Hague in 1901. Amsterdam is a mightily interesting city. We had both been to the city before so that we were quite familiar with it. We took luncheon at the Amstel Hotel. Those who have been there will remember the distinguished-looking man who is the portier of the hotel. He looked like a king or a major domo or the head of a trust—in fact, too distinguished for description. He was the kind of man you would not dare to tip with a small coin.

These hotel portiers are great institutions. I don't know how we get along without them in America. How does the foreigner get along at the Waldorf-Astoria? Who is there to answer his questions? The clerks behind the desk haven't time to an-

A Brdige in Amsterdam.

swer foolish questions and the man at the door isn't much of a cyclopedia to refer to. But here in Europe the portier is our best friend. He can talk any language, change money for you, give you stamps for your letters, tell you what sights to see, engage your cabs and pay the bill when you return, look after your luggage and see that you get to the train in time. You have to fee the fellow anyway, and I believe in using him all you can. He likes to have you use him, and we found he was a pretty good man to tie to. We never saw the hotel proprietor or manager except when we entered the hotel on arrival. Where he keeps himself the rest of the time is a mystery. Day or night the portier or his assistant are always to be found.

Soon after leaving the hotel the machine began to act badly. The spark did not work properly, and we had to stop for repairs on the road near the National Museum. We now had with us a guide. We had been unable to get one in The Hague, but the King of the Amstel found one for us. While our chauffeur was busy we went into the Museum to see the most famous picture in its collections, "The Night Watch," by Rembrandt, painted in 1642. It represents Captain Frans Banning Cocq, with his com-

pany of arquebusiers, leaving their guild house on the Singel. When we returned to the machine, which was in a very short time, a large number of people had gathered about it. There were children and adults, men and women, and even dogs. Our man tested almost every part of the machine and finally was able to start it along. It was soon evident that the real trouble had not been fixed, and so we hobbled along on one cylinder until we reached a garage. The head of the establishment came out and in a short time got the machine working properly. He could speak English, and we talked "shop" to him. He said the Oldsmobile was the only American machine he sold. He had inquired about other American machines, their relative standing, etc., but expressed himself as having been unable to have satisfactory dealings with any of the American manufacturers, save the one he handled. He said the Americans would not answer his letters, or pay any attention to requests for new parts. He had a very poor opinion of Americans. We thanked him for his assistance—he would accept no pay—and proceeded to Breukelen.

CHAPTER VI.

A Visit to Breukelen.

E were both very anxious to see this place from which the city of Brooklyn got its name.* Why this name was ever given I have not been able to find out. Neither Stiles nor Ostrander, in their histories of Kings County, tell the reason for this selection. In 1637, Jaris Jansen de Rapalje purchased from the Indians 335 acres in the vicinity of the Wallabout, and that section was called by the Dutch settlers Breukelen. The original Breukelen is a village of less than 2,000 inhabitants. No mention is made of the place in any of the guide books, and

* Breukelen is said to be an abbreviation of the words signifying broken (or uneven) land.

A Street in Breukelen.

SCENES IN BREUKELEN.

one of the men at the Amstel Hotel, of whom we inquired, did not know that there was such a place. Of course, the major domo knew all about it. The first things we noticed when we entered the place were three baby carriages on the principal street near where we stopped. "That certainly looks like Brooklyn," said the Colonel. In a front yard near by were a dozen handsome Dutch girls, seated at tables, and I remarked that they were evidently students in the Packer Institute of the place. We stopped at the Hotel "Het State Wapen" and had no difficulty in ordering beer and sandwiches. We had sent the guide to hunt up pictures, and to find out all he could about the place and its connection

with its American namesake. After waiting for him for some time I went in search of him. I found him talking to the captain of the police. This official said that a man from Breukelen, whose name he did not know, went to America and founded Brooklyn. This was all he knew about it. He said that several years ago a gentleman

BRIDGE OVER THE CANAL IN BREUKELEN.

came there to find out something about the place and that a year or two ago he came on a second visit. He did not know the gentleman's name, but I imagine it was Mr. Harrington Putnam. I told our man I would like to call on the buergermeister. The head of the police did not think I could get much information. I persisted, however, and we found the house of the mayor

and after waiting a dignified length of time a gentleman, who, if he had been taller and his whiskers longer, might be taken for Silas B. Dutcher, came into the room. The guide told him who I was and what I wanted. The mayor promptly referred us to a Mr. DeWit as the only person in town who could give us any information. We hunted up Mr. DeWit.

A short, fat, red-faced Dutchman, with a bald head and curly hair (what was left) came out of his house wiping his face with a napkin. He evidently had been disturbed in the middle of his dinner, and was in a hurry to get back to it. He said he had traveled all over the world, and that he had been to America, but that he could not tell us any facts that would connect Breukelen with Brooklyn. If we would call again he might tell us something that would be of interest, or still better he could refer us to some one else. We saw that he was not in the mood to talk, and so excused ourselves for intruding and started to go away. He called us back and asked us to step to the rear of the house by the side of a canal, and with great pride pointed out in his boat a pair of patent oarlocks by which the oarsman can row facing the front of the boat. He got into the boat to show us how they

worked. He said he bought the locks at the Centennial Exposition, in Philadelphia. We told him that there were DeWitts in Brooklyn, and asked if he was related to them. He scoffed at the suggestion, and with considerable warmth said: "I am not a DeWit, I am a Dudok de Wit." We asked if there were any Van Andens about the town and he said we would find Van Andens at Utrecht. We said "good-by" and took our departure. As he had been a traveler and had a head that looked brainy, we imagined he must be a literary man of some note in those parts. Later in the evening, while eating a late dinner at Leyden, on our way home, we asked a waiter who spoke English if he knew Dudok de Wit. He said he did, that he owned horses and attended all the races, and was one of the best-known horsemen in Holland. Instead of being the William C. DeWitt of Breukelen we concluded he was the Phil Dwyer. Breukelen is on the River de Vecht—somewhat wider and infinitely cleaner than the Gowanus Canal. There are three churches in the place—a Reformed, a Protestant, and a Catholic church. The streets were clean and attractive; the stores well kept—in fact, it was as pretty a little town as we saw in Holland. Near the village was quite an

imposing castle. There were several large and substantial-looking houses in the place. Cheese making appears to be the principal industry. While we were there a man with a hand cart was going about leaving cheeses, about the fifth of the size of an American cheese, at many of the houses.

Time began to press and we bade adieu, with many regrets, to this quiet, spotless town. We rode on for several miles by the side of the canal, and by early evening reached Utrecht. The people were in the streets in large numbers. Utrecht has the solemn and sad aspect of a great city fallen somewhat into decadence. One writer says of it: "We see the pallid and attenuated Puritan visage which has disappeared elsewhere, and which seems a shade evoked from older times." It is one of the oldest of the Dutch cities. Its population is 96,000. It has a mint. Boulevards have been formed out of the ancient ramparts. It was the headquarters of the sect of the Jansenists, dissenters from the Roman Catholic Church. We dismissed our guide and started for The Hague, a distance of over forty miles. We should have made the trip in two hours, but the machine was not doing its best, and we did not reach our hotel until nearly 12 o'clock. But the ride was a very

A Typical Scene in Rotterdam.

interesting one. For nearly the entire distance we passed through villages and almost continuous habitation. This part of the country was more thickly populated than on the other side of Holland, where we had been in the morning. It was exceedingly interesting to see the people, some at work, others coming home from work, and, as the night wore on, sitting in front of their houses enjoying the well-earned rest after the day's toil. The men, of course, all smoked. Nearly every one wore wooden shoes. They have a peculiar custom in this part of Holland. The men raise their hand in salutation to a stranger. We were at first surprised to see the people stop and courtesy to us as we passed along. Soon learning that it was the custom of the country, we were always ready to return the salutation, and in some cases were the first to be polite. I noticed the women were so modest that they did not look at us (except out of the corners of their eyes), but gazed upon the chauffeur. He was a Dutchman, and was privileged. They say that Holland is a very moral community. We did not see anything to cause us to say aught to this statement. The people appear to be healthy and contented. We did not see a beggar in Holland. Voltaire, many years ago, said

PLACE VERTE, ANTWERP.

that he found neither an idle man, a poor man, a dissipated man nor an insolent man, and that he had seen everywhere "labor and modesty."

Late in the evening a mist came up from the ground, covering it with a vapor that made the fields look like the sea. The sight was very peculiar. We would look off in the distance upon what appeared to be fields overflown, and the cattle standing knee deep in the water. The night became very dark, and the ride was somewhat spooky. As we turned a corner I heard a dismounted bicyclist remark to his companion, who was on the other side of the road: "That was a bloody close call. Why don't they keep on their own side?" It was refreshing to hear even an Englishman at that time of night.

It was a memorable trip. We had seen Holland by train, and by boat to the Island of Marken, but this visit by automobile to the cities and among the people, and by the farms and through the villages and hamlets was very instructive, and very interesting. It had been a long, hard day of travel, but well worth the effort.

We left The Hague the following day and went to Antwerp. This city has had a wonderful history. It has had its ups and

its downs. It is very prosperous and now ranks among the first seaports in the volume of the shipping. The cathedral is one of the best in Europe. Here is to be seen Rubens' masterpiece. In the public square opposite the church, is a noble statue of Rubens. One of the finest zoological gardens in Europe is in Antwerp. It has a fine picture gallery. The streets are broad and the buildings large and well built.

CHAPTER VII.

The Voyage Home.

WE left for home on the steamer Finland of the Red Star Line. We rather dreaded a nine-day voyage, but to our surprise it was one of the most enjoyable ocean trips we ever experienced. We met several people from Brooklyn whom we knew. In fact, it was not long before nearly all the passengers were well acquainted. One young woman, who had been studying abroad for several years, and had sung in grand opera, came on board in a blue silk dress and white shoes. Her trunk was missing, and she had no other apparel. She made the best of her predicament, and was attended constantly by one of the men, and by the ship's doctor as a close second. She did not find much time to grieve over her loss. A young French girl was coming to this country to study medicine. She had given up music after several years of study. The weather was delightful, the meals excellent, and the party very agreeable. Harry P. Lott, a member of the American crew that raced at Henley, was on board, and he won most of the prizes at a tournament that was held on the deck. Miss Elsie Fitch, of

Brooklyn, won the potato race for women, and Thomas F. Martin, of Brooklyn, won a prize for threading a needle and lighting a cigarette. Mr. Martin also saved the day for the benedicts in the tug of war against the bachelors.

The Colonel, who, by the way, was one of the most popular members of the party, was selected as one of the judges, and in a very happy and felicitous manner awarded the prizes. The ship concert was a great success. The attendance was large and the collection for disabled seamen was substantial. The Colonel was again mustered into service as presiding officer, and in the course of his introductory remarks, said:

"From among the talented people on board a number have consented to entertain us this evening. Did not the passengers on a ship come together and help entertain each other, the long voyage would become monotonous and tiresome. The primary object of this gathering is for amusement. The secondary one is to carry out a scheme in vogue on all first-class passenger lines, to contribute to the fund for the benefit of disabled seamen, and without intending to employ that ever and constantly used quotation on these occasions—to remember the hardships and suffering of 'those who go down

to the sea in ships'—it is, nevertheless, a good quotation, and from most excellent authority. The sailor is exposed to such hardships that he becomes prematurely disabled, and when his pain-racked limbs, stiffened by rheumatism, are no longer able to perform the seaman's duty, his place is filled and he has nothing left but this charity to rely upon. Nothing is sweeter than charity. Well, the charming ladies who have kindly consented to assist in this good work may be considered a good second. Charity and mercy are two of the most blessed attributes in the world. Shakspeare says of the latter, 'The quality of mercy is not strained, like the gentle rain from heaven it falleth upon the place beneath.' Charity in this case falls only on the deserving. Charity also, 'tis said, covers a multitude of sins, and if any of you gentlemen who have been traveling abroad feel any qualm of conscience for little sins of commission or omission during your sojourn, you can receive full absolution by contributing freely to this most commendable object."

There were piano solos, vocal solos and a violin solo by a young woman who had been studying abroad, and was returning home well skilled in her art, and an interesting address and reading by the Rev. Dr.

James B. Wasson of New York. Dr. Wasson was the only clergyman on board. He had been an editor on a New York paper. The Colonel said, in introducing him, that he represented both heaven and earth. "A Connecticut Nutmeg" was the name of the stunt assigned to W. R. Bristol, of Meriden, Conn. Mr. Bristol for several days had been furnishing great amusement to the smoking-room contingent by his many experiences, and the droll manner in which he told his stories. He was one of the victims of the Murray Hill Hotel dynamite accident during the subway construction. He told of three "close calls" in one year, which he considered made him immune from further disaster. He also told of many disastrous financial transactions. In introducing this gentleman the Colonel referred to him as one who usually got in on the ground floor and out of the sub-cellar through the coal hole, and told of his great popularity in the smoking room. Mr. Bristol told some funny stories, and then the party sang the national anthem. Mr. Bristol had a bet every day with the Colonel on the ship's run. He was successful so long as he was a bear, but when he began to name high figures his luck changed. His final defeat was on an "odd or even" on the numbers

given by the custom house inspectors. These ship companionships were very pleasant, and the hat pools (small in amount) and games on deck and in the saloons, and the many harmless modes of diversion, were very helpful in making a long trip appear a short and very pleasant one. There were no auction pools, so common on ocean steamers, and not a game for money was played. It was a highly respectable crowd. An English barrister coming to this country on business for the first time, after he became acquainted was one of the most popular members of the party, and no one regretted the separations more than he did. On Sunday the Rev. Dr. Wasson preached an excellent sermon.

This ends the rambling and somewhat disjointed story of the two men in a motor car, and some of the things they saw in a five-weeks' trip in Europe. It was highly successful from their point of view, for they came home refreshed in health and rich in pleasant memories of what they had seen while touring in the old country.

CHAPTER VIII.

Motor Tours in England, Scotland, Wales, France and Germany.

Compiled Especially for "Two Americans in a Motor Car."

BY

Ernest A. Rosenheim, B.Sc., B.Eng., A.I. E.E. Member of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. Member of the Liverpool Self-Propelled Traffic Association. Chief Engineer to the Road Carrying Co., Ltd., Liverpool.

These tours cover some of the most interesting parts of the country. Some of the places are hardly ever visited by the general run of tourists, and in all cases due care has been exercised by planning the routes to insure the best roads.

If the tourists will buy the Contour Road Books for England and Scotland, by Inglis, published by Gale & Inglis, Edinburgh, together with Bartholomew's maps, or Gale & Inglis' maps, they will have all the information it is possible to obtain about the country.

The continental routes are taken from the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland Handbook. All the others are written

from personal experience of the majority of the places, and mileages are taken from the Contour Road Books.

The Anglo-American Oil Co., Ltd., issues a very valuable set of maps of the British Isles, which will be of service to the automobilist. E. A. R.

SINGLE DAY TRIPS FROM LIVERPOOL AS A CENTRE.

Note—Places starred indicate that repair shops will be found there.

Route I.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
Liverpool		Trevor (Hand Hotel)	23
Chester* (Grosvenor Hotel)	17	Wrexham	8
Whitchurch	15	Chester	14
Shrewsbury* (Raven Hotel)	20	Liverpool	17
Gobowen Junction..	7	Total	121
Llangollen,* via			

Route II.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
Liverpool		Lytham (seaside resort; good golf links)	10
Ormskirk		Preston*	10
Preston	13	Liverpool	30
Poulton	10	Total	100
Blackpool* (famous seaside resort; Metropole Hotel..	10		

Route III.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
Liverpool		Knutsford (Rostherne Mere).....	7
Prescot	7	Warrington	12
Warrington* (Patten Arms Hotel...	12	Cronton	
Knutsford* (Tatton Park)	12	Roby (picturesque English country lanes)	
Macclesfield	7	Broad Green	
Cat and Fiddle	7½	Liverpool	25
Buxton*	5	Total	107
Macclesfield (Millers Dale)	12½		

Route IV.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
Liverpool		Prestatyn (scenery along the North Wales Coast)	5
Birkenhead		Flint	
Queens Ferry	15¾	Queens Ferry	18
Hawarden		Liverpool	15¾
Northop			
Holywell		Total	33¾
St. Asaph (Cathedral)	30		
Rhyl* (seaside resort)	5		

Route V.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
Liverpool		Llandudno* (seaside resort)	50
Queens Ferry (coast road)	15¾	Colwyn Bay	
Flint		Abergele	
Prestatyn		St. Asaph	17
Abergele (Lord Dundonald's Castle)..		Northop	
Colwyn Bay*		Liverpool	42
		Total	124¾

TWO-DAY TRIPS.

Route VI.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
Liverpool		Ambleside	
Preston*	30	Right round Lake Windermere	
Lancaster*	22	Coniston*	
Carnforth	6	Sawrey	
Milnethorpe	8	Ferry Hotel*	
Kendal*	8	Bowness	15
Windermere*	6	Liverpool	82
Bowness*	2		
First night	82	Total	179

Route VII.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
Liverpool		Caernarvon* (Sportsman Hotel).....	
Birkenhead		Bangor	
Queens Ferry		Llanfairfechan	
Hawarden		Penmaenmawr	
Mold		Conway* (Castle Hotel)	21¼
Ruthin* (Castle Hotel)	48	Colwyn Bay*	
Cerrig-y-Druidon ..		Abergele	
Bettws - y - Coed* (Waterloo Hotel..	30	Flint	
Capel Curig* (first night)	5	Queens Ferry	41¼
Pen-y-gwyrd Hotel.	4	Liverpool	15¾
Llanberis (Snowdon Mountain Railway)	7	Total	171¾

FOUR-DAY TRIPS.

Route VIII.

Places.	Miles.
Liverpool	
Warrington*	19
Knutsford	12
Holmes Chapel	
Newcastle - under - Lynne* (Castle Hotel)	19
Stone	
Lichfield* (George Hotel)	
Coventry* (Kings Head)	60
First night	110
Kenilworth* (Castle Hotel)	
Warwick	
Leamington*	
Stratford-on-Avon * (Red Horse Hotel) via Shipton Stour and Long Compton	
Oxford* (Randolph Hotel; second night)	61
Cheltenham*	41
Worcester*	24
Birmingham (Queens Hotel; third night)	26
Wolverhampton	
Shrewsbury*	
Whitchurch	
Chester	
Liverpool	92
Total	354

Route IX.

Places.	Miles.
Liverpool to Bowness (see Route VI)	84
Second day—Making Bowness as headquarters. Trips in Lakeland, visiting Coniston, Keswick,* Patterdale and other places of interest	100
Fourth day—Bowness to Liverpool.	84
Total	268

Route X.

Places.	Miles.
Liverpool to Bettws-y-Coed (Route VII)	88
Second day—Capel Curig*	
Portmadoc	
Harlech (Castle Hotel)	25
Barmouth* (Cors-y-geddol Hotel)	11
Dolgelly (Lion Hotel)	16
Aberystwyth* (Queens Hotel)...	35
Third day—Aberystwyth	
Devil's Bridge to Llangurig	28
Rhyader	9
Penybont	10
Knighton*	14
Chin	7
Craven Arms	8
Church Stretton* ...	8
Fourth day—Shrewsbury to Liverpool	67
Total	326

This route kindly contributed by Mr. William E. Moss, late Honorary Secretary of the Liverpool Automobile Club.

Places.	Miles.
Liverpool	
Queens Ferry	15⅝
Mold	3½
Ruthin (Castle Hotel)	10¼
Corwen	12½
Llangollen (Hand Hotel)	10
Oswestry	12½
Four Crosses	7½
Llanfyllin	9¼
Vyrnwy (Lake Hotel; first night)..	10
Cann Office Inn, Penny-Bont	8
Llanfaircaerinion ..	6¾
Castle Caerinion....	5
Garthmye	5½
Newton	7⅝
Llanidloes	13⅝
Llangurig*	5
(Visit Rhayader Cum Elan Valley and return Llangurig)	28¾
Devil's Bridge	
Aberystwyth (Queens Hotel; second night)	27⅝
Machynlleth	20½
Towyn	14⅝
Round coast to Penmaen—Pool Bridge	
Barmouth (Cors-y-Geddol Hotel).....	24½
Or,	
Harlech (Castle Hotel; third night).	11
Portmadoc	9⅜
Peny-Groes	
Caernarvon,* via Llyn Quellyn.....	19⅝
Beddgelert	12¾
(Go down Aberglaslyn Pass and return)	5
Pen-y-gwryd	7⅝
Llanberis	6½
Caernarvon (Sportsman Hotel; fourth night)	7½
Bangor	8¾
Conway	15
Llandudno (Imperial Hotel or Ormes Head. Grand scenery in neighborhood; fifth night)	3¾
Back again to	
Llandegai	18¾
Bethesda	5¼
Capel Curig* (Royal Hotel)	9½
Bettws-y-Druidon ...	5½
Druid Inn	9¼
Bala* (Lake Hotel; sixth night)	9½
Dolgelley	17⅞
Trawsfynydd	12¾
Maentwrog	
Festiniog	
Blaenan-Festiniog*	8¾
Dolwyddelan	
Bettws-y-Coed (Waterloo Hotel; seventh night)	11½
Llanrwst	3⅞
Llandudno Junction	11⅝
Colwyn Bay	5⅝
Flint	29¾
Coast route home, Queens Ferry.....	6
Liverpool (eighth night)	15⅝

EIGHT-DAY TRIP IN WALES.

Route XI.

First day	94⅛	miles.
Second day	108¼	miles.
Third day	70⅜	miles.
Fourth day	68	miles.
Fifth day	27	miles.
Sixth day	67¼	miles.
Seventh day	50⅞	miles.
Eighth day	72¼	miles.
Total	558⅛	miles.

SUMMARY.

Route XII.

	Miles.
First Night—Grand Hotel, Baslow	65¼
Second Night—Saracen's Head, Lincoln..	62⅝
Third Night—Minster Hotel, York	79⅝
Fourth Night—Leyburn	64
Fifth Night—Prospect, Majestic, Queens or Grand, Harrogate	88¾
Sixth Night—Lincoln (via Wakefield, 80½)	81½
Seventh Night—George Hotel, Lichfield..	76⅞
Eighth Night—Liverpool	80¼
Total	598⅜

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
Liverpool		Gainsborough	19⅝
Warrington		Bawtry	12¼
Macclesfield		Doncaster (race course), via Pontefract Castle....	8¾
Buxton (Empire Hotel)	52	Tadcaster	29½
Bakewell (Haddon Hall)	5⅝	York	9½
Baslow (Grand Hotel)	3⅞	Boroughbridge (Uredale scenery).....	17½
Chesterfield (church with leaning steeple)	9	Ripon (cathedral)..	6¾
Worksop (Dukeries)	13⅝	Tanfield	
East Retford (Old Bell Hotel)	8⅝	Masham (Jervaulx Abbey)	9¾
Tuxford (Rufford Abbey)	7	Leyburn (Wensleydale, fine views of Swaledale)	10¾
Lincoln	22⅞	Richmond	

Go from Leyburn via Halfpenny House 3 miles, then by straight road down dangerous hills, 1 in 9 and 1 in 8, to Richmond, as the best view is obtained this way. Return to Leyburn via Downholme along the River Swale.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
Leyburn (Scroop Castle; Mary, Queen of Scots, imprisoned)	11¼	Ilkley (wells; spa, summer resort)...	5
Aysgarth (pretty waterfall)	7⅞	Otley	7
Hawes (waterfall)..	8¾	Harrogate	
Ingleton (the cave, falls, etc.)	16¼	Wetherby	9
Settle	11¼	Abberford	7⅝
Skipton (castle)....	15⅞	Ferry Bridge (Robin Hood's Well, Went Bridge, Smeaton Craggs)	9⅝
Bolton Abbey, via Addington (Bolton woods, the Strid)	5¾	Doncaster	15⅛
		Bawtry	8¾
		East Retford	9
		Lincoln	22⅞

Alternative Route.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
Harrogate		Nottingham	19¾
Otley	11	Derby, via Burton-on-Trent	17½
Wakefield (castle)..	8⅞	Lichfield	
Doncaster	20	Stone	22⅞
Bawtry	8¾	Nantwich	21¾
East Retford	9	Tarporley	9⅝
Lincoln	22⅞	Chester	10⅝
Lincoln		Liverpool	15⅝
Newark	15¾		

SCOTCH TRIP.

Starting From and Returning to Liverpool.

Route XIII.

	Miles.
First Day—Liverpool to Carlisle*	120
Second Day—Carlisle to Edinburgh*	84½
Third Day—Edinburgh, Stirling* (35), Balloch (65), Rowardennan (70), Tarbet and Arrochar (85)	85
Fourth Day—Loch Katrine and Trossachs, Callander and Lochearnhead*	85
Fifth Day—Killin, round Loch Tay, Crianlarich,* Oban*	100
Sixth Day—Oban, Glen Archy, Glencoe, Ballachhulish and Fort William (Invergarry Hotel)*	92
Seventh Day—Fort William, Kingussie (50), to Pitlochry (90), or via Inverness to Pitlochry* (150)	150
Eighth Day—Pitlochry around Loch Rannoch (46), Aberfeldy* (60), Loch Tay..	100
Ninth Day—Aberfeldy, Perth,* Kinross, Stirling (67), (Stirling-Dundee-Stirling)* (43)	110
Tenth Day—Stirling to Carlisle	106
Eleventh Day—Carlisle to Liverpool	120
Total	1,152½

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
Liverpool		St. Fillan's	
Carlisle 120		Lochearnhead	
Edinburgh	84½	Killin	24½
Queens Ferry		Crianlarich	
Inverkeithing		Tyndrum	
Dumfermline		Ballachulish	50
Rumbling Bridge...		Fort William.....	14½
Crieff	37	Invergarry Hotel...	5½
Comrie		Invermoriston	

Places.	Miles.
Shiel House Hotel..	62
Dornie Ferry, Balmacara*	
And long road to Skye	
(Spend two days here and make trips.)	
Portree	
Uig, via Kyle of Lochalsh* Ferry to Skye	50
Strome Ferry	60
Ullapool (excursion to Strathpeffar)..	80

Places.	Miles.
Dingwall (from here, if time permits, stop at Loch Inver Hotel)	53½
Inverness	21
Kingussie	
Dalnaspidal	
Blair Athol	
Pitlochry	90
Aberfeldie (Loch Tay)	
Crianlarich	45
Tarbet and Loch Lomond	
Dumbarton	32
Carlisle	100

NOTE.—The following places of interest should be inspected during various days runs.

CARLISLE TO EDINBURGH—Langholme, Hawick (Dryburgh Abbey), Selkirk, Abbotsford (home of Sir Walter Scott), Melrose (Abbey), Stowhander (Borthwick and Critchton Castles), Dalhousie (New Battle Abbey, Dalkeith). (Palace open only on Wednesdays and Saturdays.)

EDINBURGH—Hawthornden and Roslin (11 miles), Dalkeith Palace (Saturday), Craigmillar Castle. The Forth Bridge and Holyrood Palace.

LINLITHGOW—Palace.

FALKIRK.

BANNOCKBURN—Famous battlefield.

STIRLING—Castle and old Forth Bridge, Cambuskenneth Abbey, Abbey Craig. Monument.

CLACKMANNAN.

DUNBAR—Castle Campbell, Rumbling Bridge, etc.

CRIEFF—Yetts of Muckhart.

MUTHILL—Drummond Castle.

LOCHEARNHEAD—Loch Earn.

LOCH TAY—Taymouth Castle. Model Village and Glen Lygon.

ULLAPOOL—Strathpeffer Spa.

DINGWALL—Loch Inver. Interesting, as the Gulf Stream is apparently to be found here. Climate almost tropical. Cacti and fuschias grow in the open.

ABERFELDIE—Falls of Moness.

PITLOCHRY—Tunmel Falls, Killecrankie Pass, Blair Athol and the Falls of the Fender.

For extended excursions, making the trip ONE OF TWENTY-FIVE DAYS, see as under:

The tour in Scotland can be very considerably extended by making day excursions from various centres, such as:

No. of Days.	
1	Edinburgh. One day.
1	Tarbet. Boating on lake steamer.
2	Trossachs. Road partly forbidden for motors. Two days can be profitably spent here. Trossachs Hotel.
3	Oban. Good hotels. By boat visit Fingal's Cave, Staffa and Iona, Dunstaffnaga Castle. Three days. Falls of Lora.
1	Fort William. Ben Nevis. Highest mountain in the British Isles. Invergarry Hotel.
1	Shiel House Hotel. Special excursion to the Falls of Glamoch (highest falls in the British Isles). Drive to Dornie Ferry, cross ferry and proceed about 4½ miles to Carnoch Loch, here car must be left, cross the River Ardelve by a wire foot bridge and walk to shepherd's cottage, which is near, and inquire way. This excursion must not be missed as it is not to be found, I believe, in any guide book.
1	Loch Inver.
2	Pitlochry. Tunmel Falls, Killiecrankie Pass, Blair Athol, Falls of the Fender.
1	Loch Tay. Boat on loch.

Route XIV.

May be taken as a separate trip or treated as a continuation of Route 13. If taken as separate trip eliminate Carlisle, Harrogate, Liverpool and start from latter place. A most beautiful trip, full of interest, visiting some of the most famous and historical spots in England and Wales.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
Carlisle		Chester	
Harrogate (1) (Hotel Prospect)	80	Shrewsbury (Raven Hotel)	
Blackburn		Ludlow (3) (Feathers Hotel)	85
Liverpool (2) (Adelphi Hotel)	84	Leominster	

Places.	Miles.
Hereford (cathedral)	
Ross (Castle Hotel)	
Mitcheldean	
Ruredean (in center of Forest of Dean; drives in forest)..	
Speech House Hotel (4)	75
Coleford	
Symonds Yat (car should proceed by road here and passengers descend the Wye to Monmouth by boat)...	
Monmouth (Beaufort Arms Hotel).	
St. Briavel's (ruined castle)	
Chepstow and Tintern Abbey (castle; Beaufort Arms Hotel)	57
Chepstow (Beaufort Arms Hotel).....	
Tintern Abbey (the old abbey)	
Monmouth (Monnow Gate)	
Raglan	
Abergavenny	
Brecon (Castle Hotel)	
Builth Wells	
Llandrindod Wells (6) (Pump Hotel).	120
Rhyader	
Cum Elan Valley...	
Rhyader	
Llangurig (Swan Hotel)	
Llanidloes (magnificent road)	
Devil's Bridge (wonderful scenery and falls)	
Aberystwyth (7) (Queens Hotel or Cambria Hotel; fashionable watering place).....	101
Machynlleth	
Corris (toy railway)	

Places.	Miles.
Dolgelly (wonderful mountain scenery; precipitous descent to).....	
Barmouth	
Harlech (8) (Castle Hotel)	80
Penrhyndendraeth ..	
Port Madoc	
Pass of Aberglaslyn	
Beddgelert	
Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel (Snowdonia; magnificent scenery)..	
Capel Curig	
Bettws-y-Coed (9)..	120
Llanberis	
Caernarvon	
Bangor	
Conway	
Llandudno	
Llanrwst	
Bettws-y-Coed (10)..	80
Llangollen (beautiful scenery of the Vale of the Dee; lunch, Raven Hotel)	
Shrewsbury	
Wellington	
Wolverhampton....	
Birmingham (11) (Queens Hotel)...	112
Coventry	
Kenilworth	
Warwick	
Leamington	
Stratford-on-Avon (12) (Red Horse Hotel)	50
Shipton-on-Stour...	
Long Compton	
Chipping Norton...	
Woodstock	
Oxford (13) (Randolph Hotel).....	40
Henley	
Maidenhead	
Stoke Pogis Church (Gray's "Elegy" written here).....	
Windsor	
Slough	
London (14)	65

Routes 15 to 22, inclusive, are a series of two-day trips, making London as headquarters. Starting from Crystal Palace.

CHAPTER IX.

TRIPS FROM LONDON.

Route XV.

LONDON—MARGATE—LONDON.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
London		(from Maidstone to Leybourne)....	7
Beckenham Junction	8	Maidstone	4½
Bromley	2	Key Street	9½
Chiselhurst Common	3	Sittingbourne	2
Foots Cray	2	Ospringe	6
Fifteenth milestone (Swanley Junction)	3	Canterbury	9
Seventeenth milestone (Farningham)	2	Birchington	12¼
Twenty-third milestone (top of Wrotham Hall)..	6	Margate	
Fourth milestone		Return by same route next day...	75¼
		Total	150½

Route XVI.

LONDON TO EASTBOURNE AND BACK.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
Crystal Palace		East Hoathly.....	5¾
Clock House Station	2	Uckfield	5
West Wickham.....	3½	Maresfield	¾
Locksbottom	3½	Hartfield	7½
Riverhead	8¾	Edenbridge	7½
Sevenoaks	2	Crockham Hill Village	3¼
Tunbridge	7	Westerham Village.	2
Tunbridge Wells 32 ½	5¾	Hawley's Corner....	2
Mark Cross	5¼	Westerham Hill and via Hawley's Corner to	
Mayfield	3½	Crystal Palace	14¼
Cross in Hand	4½		
Hellingly	6½		
Hailsham	2¼		
Eastbourne 62½	8		
Lower Horsebridge.	9½	Total	121

Route XVII.

LONDON TO WORTHING AND BACK.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
Crystal Palace		Worthing* (Warnes Hotel) 65	1½
Selhurst Station....	3	Broadwater	1½
Sydenham Road.....	1	Washington	6
Wallington	3	Southwater	9½
Epsom	6	Horsham	3
Leatherhead	4	Kingsfold	4½
Dorking	4½	Dorking	8½
Beare Green	4	Reigate	6
Ockley	2¾	Merstham	3¼
Five Oaks	9	Burley	5¾
Billingshurst	1¾	Croydon	
Pulborough	5¼	Crystal Palace	6
Bury	4¾		
Arundel	4¼		
Broadwater	10¼	Total	118¾

Route XVIII.

LONDON TO BRIGHTON.

Places.	Progressive mileage.
London Bridge	
Newington Butts....	
Kennington	
Brixton	3½
Streatham	6
Norbury	7¼
Croydon*	10
Purley	12¾
Merstham	18½
Redhill*	20½
Povey Cross	26¼
Crawley*	29¾
Handcross	34
Bolney	38
Hickstead	40½
Albourne	42¾
Piecombe	46¼
Patcham	48¼
Brighton*	52
Total	52

Route XIX.

LONDON TO CROMER, via Colchester and Norwich.

Places.	Progressive mileage.
London	
Whitechapel	
Bow	
Stratford	4½
Ilford	7½
Romford	12½
Brentwood	18¾
Ingatestone	23¾
Chelmsford*	29¾
Hatfield Peverel ...	36
Witham*	38½
Kelvedon	42
Colchester*	52
Stratford St. Mary..	59
Washbrook	66¼
Bramford	69¼
Earl Stonham	78½
Thwaite	84
Yaxley	88
Scole*	91½
Long Stratton.....	100
Newton Flotman ...	103½
Swainsthorpe	105¼
Norwich*	110
Horsham St. Faith..	114½
Aylsham	122
Roughton	128¾
Cromer*	132½
Total	132½

Route XX.

LONDON TO FOLKESTONE.

Places.	Progressive mileage.
London	
Old Kent Road Station	
New Cross*	
Lewisham*	6
Eltham	9
Sidcup	12½
Farningham	19
Wrotham	25½
Larkfield	31½
Maidstone*	35¾
Lenham	45
Charing*	48¾
Ashford	54½
Smeeth	59
Sellinge	61
Hythe*	66½
Sandgate*	69¼
Folkestone*	71
Total	71

Route XXI.

LONDON TO DOVER.

Places.	Progressive mileage.
London	
Lewisham*	6
Eltham	8¾
Bexley	13¼
Dartford	16½
Greenhithe	19¼
Gravesend*	23½
Gadshill	28
Rochester*	30½
Chatham	31½
Newington	38¼
Sittingbourne	41½
Ospringe (Faversham* on left)	47½
Boughton	51
Canterbury*	56½
Bridge	60
Lydden	67¾
Dover*	72
Total	72

Route XXII

LONDON TO MARGATE.

Places.	Progressive mileage.
Canterbury*	56½
Sturry	59
Sarre	65
Birchington	68½
Margate*	72½
Total	72½

Route XXIII.

LONDON TO SOUTHAMPTON AND BOURNEMOUTH.

Places.	Miles.
London to Southampton.	
London	
Hyde Park Corner	
Sloane Street	
King's Road, Chelsea	
Fulham Station	
Putney Bridge	
Putney Heath	6
Kingston*	9½
Esher*	13½
Ripley*	21
Guildford*	27
Whitewaysend	35
Farnham*	37
Alton*	46
Bishops Sutton	55
Kingsworthy	62
Winchester*	64
Otterbourne	68½
Southampton*	77
Total	77
London to Bournemouth.	
Follow preceding route to Winchester, thence as follows:	
Winchester*	64
Horsley	68½
Romsey*	74½
Ower	78
Lyndhurst*	83
Hinton	94
Christchurch*	98½
Boscombe*	102
Bournemouth*	103
Total	103

Route XXIV.
LONDON TO NEWHAVEN.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
London		East Grinstead.....	29¾
Brixton Hill		Nutley	38¼
Streatham		Uckfield	43¾
Croydon	10	Lewes	51¾
Purley	12¾	Newhaven	59
Caterham	18¼		
Godstone	20¾	Total	59

Route XXV.
LONDON TO SOUTHSEA AND BACK.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
London		Petersfield	8¼
Leatherhead	17	Horndean	7½
East Horsly	5½	Cosham	5¾
Guildford	6½	Southsea 72¼	4¾
Godalming	4½		
Hindhead	7¼	Total 144½	
Liphook	5¼		

Route XXVI.
LONDON TO REXALL-ON-SEA AND BACK.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
London		Uckfield	5¼
Tunbridge (see Route XVI)	26¾	East Grinstead.....	12½
Lamberhurst	9¼	Godstone	10
Robertsbridge	10¼	Purley Corner.....	7
Battle (abbey)	5¼	Croydon	
Bexhill-on-Sea.. 61	9½	London 67¼	12¾
Ninfield	4¾		
East Hoathly 15		Total 128¼	

A THOUSAND-MILE TRIP IN ENGLAND.
Route XXVII.

First Day—London to Bristol	118½
Second Day—Bristol to Birmingham	92½
Third Day—Birmingham to Manchester..	101¾
Fourth Day—Manchester to Kendal	73¾
Fifth Day—Kendal to Carlisle	61½
Sixth Day—Carlisle to Edinburgh	100
Seventh Day—Edinburgh to Newcastle-on Tyne	121½
Eighth Day—Newcastle to Leeds	103
Ninth Day—Leeds to Sheffield	74
Tenth Day—Sheffield to Nottingham	82¼
Eleventh Day—Nottingham to London ..	122¾
Total	1,051½

This circular route practically covers the whole of the England and is the identical 1,000 miles trial route of the A. C. G. B. & I. in 1900.

DETAILS.

Places.	Miles.
London	
Maidenhead	26¼
Reading	12¾
Newbury	17
Marlborough	16½
Chippenham	18¾
Bath	12¾
Bristol (1)....118½	12½
Gloucester	33¾
Cheltenham	9
Tewkesbury	8¾
Worcester	15¼
Droitwich	6¾
Bromsgrove	5¾
Birmingham (2).92¼	13
Lichfield	15¾
Burton-on-Trent ...	12¾
Derby	11
Matlock Bath	16
Buxton	21½
Manchester (3) 101¾	24¾
Bolton	11
Chorley	11
Preston	9¼
Lancaster	21½
Kendal (4).....73¾	21
Windermere	8½
Ambleside	5
Dunmail Raise	5½
Keswick	10
Bothel	12¾
Carlisle (5).....61½	18¾
Gretna Green	9½
Ecclefechan	9¼
Lockerbie	6
Beattock	14
Moffat	1½
Foot of Birkhill....	7¼
Birkhill Summit ...	3¾
St. Mary's Loch....	5

Places.	Miles.
Peebles	20
Edinburgh (6) ..100	23¾
Haddington	16¾
Dunbar	11
Berwick	30¼
Belford	15½
Alnwick	14¼
Morpeth	19¼
Newcastle (7)..121½	14½
Durham	14¼
Darlington	18
Northallerton	15¾
Thirsk	9
York	23
Leeds (8) 103	23
Harrogate	15
Shipley	18
Bradford	3¼
Wakefield	13¼
Barnsley	10½
Sheffield (9).....74	14
Worksop (Duke of Portland, Duke of Newcastle, estates of Walbeck and Clumber)	28¼
Lincoln (beautiful scenery of the Dukeries)	28½
Newark	15¾
Nottingham (10) 82½	19¾
Loughborough	14¾
Leicester	11
Northampton	31½
Newport Pagnell...	14¾
Hockliffe	13
Dunstable	4
St. Albans	12¾
London (11)	21

315396

CHAPTER X.

CONTINENTAL TRIPS.

LONDON TO PARIS.

(Via Folkestone and Boulogne.) 229 miles (exclusive of Channel passage).

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
London		Charing	48¾
Lewisham	6	Ashford	54½
Maidstone	35¾	Folkestone	71

BOULOGNE TO PARIS.

(Via Abbeville and Beauvais.) 255 kiloms. or 158 miles.

	Kiloms.		Kiloms.
Boulogne		Troissereux	166
Outreau	3	Beauvais	173
Condette	10	Allone	176
Nesles	14	Bois de Molle	183
Le Turne	21	Corbeil-Cerf	188
Frencq	23	Meru	194
Le Motte	26	Amblainville	198
Etaples	31	Vallangoujard	206
Beutin	38	Fourche d'Heronville	209
Attin	40	Ennery	213
Montreuil	44	Pontoise	217
Wailly	49	Eragny	220
Nempont St. Martin	57	Conflans-St. Honorine	225
Vron	61	La Croix-de-Noailles	231
Bernay-en-Ponthieu	66	St. Germain-en-Laye*	236
Nouvion-en-Ponthieu	73	Chatou	242
Le Titre	76	Rueil	246
Abbeville	84	Le Pont de Suresnes	250
Sorel	91	Bois de Boulogne	
Airaine	97	Paris (La Porte Maillot)*	255
Lincheux	109	255 kiloms. equals 158 miles from Boulogne.	
Poix	129		
Equennes	134		
Grandvilliers	143		
Thieuloy-St. Antoine	146		
Marseille-le-Petit	153		
St. Omer-en-Chaussee	159		

ALTERNATIVE ROUTE FROM BOULOGNE TO PARIS.

(Via Arras. 325 kiloms., or 202 miles.)

	Kiloms.		Kiloms.
Boulogne		Mailly-Maillet	156
Montreuil	44	Hedauville	161
Beaumarie-St. Martin	48	Warloy-Baillon	166
Lespinoy-sur-Canche	55	Contay	169
Ecquemicourt	61	Beaucourt-sur-l'Hallue	172
Plumoison	65	Amiens	187
Hesdin	69	Chapelle de Notre Dame-des-Vertus	199
St. Austreberthe	71	Tilloy-les-Conty	205
St. Georges	74	Monsures	209
Wail	77	Croissy	210
Boubers-sur-Canche	87	Fontaine-Bonneleu	214
Frevent	95	Crevecoeur-le-Grand	223
Wamin	99	Auchy-la-Montagne	228
Avesnes-le-Comte	110	Rouge Maison	232
Warlus	120	Notre Dame-du-Thil	244
Arras	127	Beauvais	245
Boiry-St. Rictrude	138	Paris	325
Ayette	141		
Serre	150		

LONDON TO PARIS.

(Via Dover and Calais. 248 miles, exclusive of Channel passage.)

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
London		Chatham	31½
Lewisham	6	Canterbury	56½
Gravesend	23½	Dover	72
Rochester	30½		

CALAIS TO PARIS.

(Via St. Pol and Amiens.) 284 kiloms., or 176 miles.

	Kiloms.		Kiloms.
Calais		Nuncq	99
Les Attaques	6	Frevent	102
Le Pont-Sans-Pareil	9	Bouquemaison	111
Ardres	14	Haute Visee	114
Licques	24	Doullens	117
Lumbres	41	Beauval	123
Fauquembergues	54	La Vicogne	129
Fruges	64	Talmas	131
Anvin	78	Villers Bocage	135
Wavrans	84	Poulainville	140
Gauchin - Verloingt	87	Amiens	146
St. Pol	89	Monsures	168
Herlin-le-Sec	93	Beauvais	204

CALAIS TO PARIS.

(Via Arras. 304 kiloms., or 188 miles.)

	Kiloms.		Kiloms.
Paris	284	Gauchin-Legal	86
Calais		Chamblain-l'Abbe	92
Les Attaques	6	Mont-St. Eloi	98
Le Pont-Sans-Pareil	9	St. Catherine	105
Ardres	14	Arras	106
Nielles-les-Ardres	17	Boiry-St.-Rictrude	117
Nordausques	22	Ayette	120
Moulle	30	Puisieux-au-Mont	127
St. Martin-au-Laert	35	Mailly-Maillet	135
St. Omer	37	Warloy-Baillon	145
Henringhen	43	Contay	148
Therouanne	50	Beaucourt-sur-l'Hallue	151
Estree-Blanche	57	Amiens	166
Le Chemin-Rely	61	Monsures	188
Auchy-au-Bois	63	Beauvais	224
Bellery	66	Paris	304
Ferfay	69		
Houdain	80		

LONDON TO PARIS.

(Via Newhaven and Dieppe.) 174½ miles, exclusive of Channel passage.

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Miles.
London		East Grinstead	29¾
Croydon	10	Lewes	51¾
Godstone	20¾	Newhaven	59

DIEPPE TO PARIS.

(Via Rouen. 186 kiloms., or 115½ miles.)

	Kiloms.		Kiloms.
Dieppe		St. Pierre-d'Authil	110
Ormonville	16	Vernon	114
Biville	24	Port Villez	119
Totes	29	Bonnieres	124
Malaunay	46	Rosny	131
Maromme	52	Mantes	138
Rouen	58	Mezieres	145
Amfreville	64	Flins	151
Port-St. Ouen	70	Ecquevilly	155
Igoville	75	St. Germain	171
Lery	82	Chatou	
Heudebouville	93	Rueil	
Vieux Villeroy	97	Paris	186
Gaillon	101		

DIEPPE TO PARIS VIA BEAUVAIS.

The following route from Dieppe to Paris avoids the steep hills, but the road is not so picturesque as the above.

	Kiloms.		Kiloms.
Dieppe		Ennery	148
Torcy		Pontoise	152
Forges-les-Eaux	51	Conflans	160
Gournay	71	St. Germain	171
Beauvais	101	Chatou	
Meru	128	Rueil	
Herouville	144	Paris	186

LONDON TO PARIS.

(Via Southampton and Havre.) 218 miles, exclusive of Channel passage.

	Miles.		Miles.
London		Winchester	64
Guildford	27	Southampton	77
Farnham	37		

HAVRE TO PARIS.

(Via Rouen. 227 kiloms., or 141 miles)

	Kiloms.		Kiloms.
Havre		St. Jean-de-Cardonnay	78
Harfleur	8	Maromme	82
St. Romain	20	Rouen	89
Lanquetot	35	Port St. Ouen	101
Valliquerville	47	Gaillon	132
Yvetot	52	Mantes	169
Croix-Mare	61	Paris	227
Barentin	71		

PARIS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

(Via Dijon, Lyons, Orange and Aix. 989 kiloms., or 614 miles.)

	Kiloms.		Kiloms.
Paris		Montereau	71
Porte de Choisy		Champigny	88
Choisy-le-Roi	7	Villemanoche	92
Villeneuve-St.-George	13	Sens	107
Montgeron	16	Malay-le-Roi	115
Lieusant	27	Theil	120
Melun	40	Cerisiers	125
Le Chatelet	51	Arces	135
Valence	62	Airolles	147
		St. Florentin	151

	Kiloms.
Percey	161
Charrey	168
Epineuil	177
Tonnerre	179
Lezinnes	189
Nuits-sous-Ravieres	207
St. Remy	221
Montbard	224
Marmagne	229
Darcey	249
Chanceaux	263
Val-Suzon	285
Darois	290
Dijon	302
Perigny	309
Chambertin	314
Nuits	325
Corgoloin	331
Beaune	340
Puligny	350
Champforgueil	365
Chalon-sur-Saone	371
Varenne-le-Grand	379
Tournus	399
St. Oyen	409
St. Jean-le-Priche	423
Macon	429
Creches	437
Ste. Jan-d'Ardieres	452
St. Georges-de-Reneins	459
Villefranche	468
Anse	475
Quincieux	481
Neuville-sur-Saone	487
Lyons	501
St.-Fons	509
Feyzin	513
Vienne	530
Vaugris	536
Auberive	543
St. Rambert	558
St. Vallier	570
Serves	576
Tain	584
Valence	601
Portos	607
Loriel	623
Le Logis-Neuf	635
Montelimar	647
Donzere	661
La Crosiere	681
Mondragon	686
Pollenc	694
Orange	700
Courthezon	709
Sorgues	717
Avignon	727
Pont-de-Bonpas	738
Le Plan-dragon	750
Orgon	755
Senas	761
Le Pont-Royal	771
Libran	778
Lambese	782
Gare d'Eguilles	797
Aix-en-Provence	803
Chateauneuf-le-Rouge	816
Pourcieux	832
St. Maximin	839
Tourves	846
Brignoles	858
Flassans	872
Le Luc	882
Vidauban	893
Le Muy	905
Frejus	921
Auberge des Adret	938
Tremblant	948
Cannes	959
Antibes	969
Le Pont du Var	982
St. Helene	986
Nice	989

PARIS TO BIARRITZ.

(Via Bourges, Condom and Pau. 909 kiloms., or 565 miles.)

	Kiloms.
Porte de Choisy	
Choisy-le-Roi	7
Villeneuve-St.-George	13
Melun	40
Fontainebleau	56
La Croix de Saint-Herem	61
Nemours	72
Souppes	83
Montargis	105
Gien	143
Aubigny-Ville	171
St.-Georges-sur Moulon	204
Fussy	210

	Kiloms.		Kiloms.
Bourges	217	Agen	637
St.-Florent	232	Estillac	645
Charost	243	La Plume	651
Issoudun	253	Ligardes	662
Chateauroux	281	Condom	677
Argenton-sur-Creuse	310	Mouchau	687
Celon	318	Eauze	706
Clidier	332	Nogaro	724
Le Dognon	354	Luppe	733
Chanteloupe	373	Aire-sur-l'Adour	745
Limoges	402	Sarron	757
Chalus	438	Garlede	769
Thiviers	466	Buret	782
Negrondes	475	Pau	795
Antonne	492	Lons	799
Perigueux	501	Lescar	802
Rossignol	512	La Bastide-Cezerac	812
Bordas	520	Argagon	827
Bergerac	550	Castetis	830
St. Perdoux	564	Orthez	835
Castillonnes	575	Puyoo	849
Cancon	589	Peyrehorade	865
Villeneuve-sur-Lot	608	Biandos	885
St.-Antoine	617	St. Etienne	899
Galimas	625	Bayonne	902
		Biarritz	909

BOULOGNE TO NICE.

(Via Dijon. Total, 1,297 kiloms., or 806 miles.)

Places.	Kiloms.	Places.	Kiloms.
Boulogne		Vailly	259
Saumur	15	Braisne	267
Montreuil	35	Mont Notre Dame	273
Hesdin	60	St. Thibault	276
Wail	68	Fismes	282
Avesnes-le-Compte	101	Joncherry	292
Arras	118	Tillois	303
Croissilles	132	Reims	308
Bapaume	146	La Porte de Dieu Lumiers	
Sailly Saillisel		Le Fort de la Pimpede	316
Peronne	167	Le Petit Sillery	318
Athics	178	Les Petites Loges	327
Croix	182	Les Grandes Loges	336
Marigny	184	La Veuve	341
Ham	191	Chalon-sur-Marne	349
Eaucourt	196	Vatry	366
Flavel le Martel	201	Sommesons	376
Chauny	213	Arcis-sur-Aube	399
Pierremonde	218	Voue	408
La Feuille	224	Aubeterre	411
La Grenonvillere	228	Feuges	415
Le Banc de Pierre	231	Troyes	426
Terny	234	St. Julien-la-Saulte	429
Soissons	242	Maisons Blanches	434
Bracy le Long	248	La Vacherie	441
Ste. Marguerite	249		
Conde-sur-Aisne	254		

Places.	Kiloms.
St Parres les Vaudes	448
Foucheres	452
Bar-sur-Seine	462
Buxeuil	469
Neuville	471
Mussy	481
Villiers la Patras	488
Chatillon-sur-Saone	496
Ampilly-le-Sec	503
Puits	514
Montbard	530
Seigny	540
Pouillenay	548
Vitteaux	566
Grosbois	576
Sambernon	585
Pont de Pany	593
La Cude	601
Dijon	612
Beaune	650
Chalon-sur-Saone	681
Tournus	707
Macon	737
Villefranche	776
Lyon	809
Vienne	838
Valence	909
Montelimar	955
Orange	1008
Avignon	1035
Aix-en-Provence	1111
Brignoles	1166
Frejus	1229
Cannes	1267
Antibes	1277
Nice	1297

HAVRE TO BIARRITZ.

(Total, 1,099 kiloms., or 684 miles.)

Places.	Kiloms.
Havre	
Harfleur	8
St. Romain	20
Lanquetot	35
Valliquerville	47
Yvetot	52
Croix-Mare	61
Barentin	71
St. Jean-de-Candonnay	78
Maromme	82
Rouen	89
Amfreville	95
Port St. Ouen	101
Igoville	106
Lery	113
Heudebouville	124
Vieux Villeroy	128
Gaillon	132
St. Pierre-d'Authiel	141
Vernon	145
Port Villez	150
Bonnieres	155
Rosny	162
Mantes	169
Richebourg	190
Houdan	196
Boutigny	202
Nogent-le-Roi	215
Maintenon	223
Chartainvilliers	228
Chartres	241
Bonville	245
Le Hasard	252
Allonnes	259
Ymonville	269
Allaines	277
Les Petites-Maisons	284
Artenay	292
La Croix-Briquet	296
Chevilly	299
Cercottes	304
Le Petit-Souris	308
Orleans	314
St. Hilaire St. Mesmin	321
St. Fiacre	324
Clery	328
La Croix-Blanche	335
St. Laurent-des-Eaux	344
Nonan-sur-Loire	349
Muides	352
St. Dye	355
Montlivault	358
St. Claude-de-Diroy	361
Blois	368
Chouzy	379
Le Pont-d'Onzain	385
Veuves	390
Amboise	402
Negron	404
Les Bordes	407
La Feillere	415
Vouvray	417
La Lanterne de Rochecordon	420
Ste. Radegonde	424

Places.	Kiloms.
Tours	427
Montbazon	440
Sorigny	446
St. Maure	462
La Celle St. Avant	473
Port de Piles	475
Les Ormes	479
Dange	483
Ingrandes	491
Chatellerault	498
Les Barres	506
La Tricherie	512
Jaulnay	520
Grand Pont	526
Poitiers	531
Croutelle	538
Vivonne	550
Les Minieres	559
Coupe Verac	566
Chaunai	577
Les Maisons-Blanches	585
Ruffec	598
Les Negres	604
Mansle	625
Tourriers	634
La Chignole	640
Angouleme	650
Le Boisseau	659
Dignac	665
Villars	669
Villebois-la-Valete	673
Gurat	679
Palluaud	689
St. Severn	693
Allemans	700
Riberac	706
Gare de Sivrac	711
St. Vincent	716
Beauronne	724
Mursidan	731
Les Leches	737
La Boule	748
Bergerac	756
Bourniagues	767
Eyrenville	774
Castillonnes	780
Lougratte	789
Cancon	794
Casteinaud de Gratte-Canibe	801
Soubirons	806
Villeneuve-d'Agen	814
St. Antoine	824
Les Croix-Blanches	830
Galimas	832
Agen	842
Aubiac	850
La Plume	854
Ligardes	864
Condom	877
Mouchan	887
Gondrin	898
Eauze	905
Nogaro	922
Aire-sur-l'Adour	943
St. Agnet	953
Sarron	951
Lalonquette	964
Astis	969
Pau	985
Lons	989
Lescar	992
La Bastide	1002
Argagon	1017
Castetis	1020
Orthez	1025
Puyou	1039
Peyrehorade	1055
Biandos	1075
Bayonne	1089
Biarritz	1099

BIARRITZ TO NICE.

(Total, 886 kiloms., or 551 miles.)

Places.	Kiloms.
Biarritz	
Bayonne	7
St. Etienne	10
Biandos	24
Peyrehorade	44
Puyoo	60
Orthez	74
Castetis	79
Argagon	82
La Bastide	97
Lescar	107
Long	110
Pau	114
Sansarricq	117
Ousse	123
Casabieille	133
La Corne	137
Ger	141
Tarbes	152
Lhez	165
Bordes	167
Tournay	170
Ozon	172
Lanespede	173
Pere	178
Capvern	182

Places.	Kiloms.
Lannemezan	184
La Demi Lune	186
Pinas	188
Sarrat	193
Montrejean	200
Villeneuve-de-Riviere	205
Gaudens	210
Gaudines	220
Beauchalot	222
Lestelle	226
St. Martory	229
Montsaunes	233
Ma'ne	237
His	239
Lacave	243
Prat	245
Caumont	251
St. Lizier	256
St. Girons	258
Le Seure	266
Clermont	273
Rouaix	279
Grotte-du-Mas d'Azil	281
Sabaret	285
Menay	289
Pailhes	292
Rhodes-le-Bas	302
Pamiers	309
La Guingette	322
Coutens	327
Besset	328
Mirepoix	331
Les Cordeliers	332
St. Gauderic	340
Fanjoux	351
La Force	357
Montreal	361
Carcassonne	379
Gare de Trebes	386
Floure	391
Barbaira	393
Capendu	397
Douzens	400
Moux	405
Conilhac	410
Lezignan	414
Villedaigne	423
Narbonne	436
Coursan	443
Nissan	452
Les Ecluses de Font	459
Beziers	461
Villeneuve-les-B.	466
Vias	478
Agde	482
Marseillan	489

Places.	Kiloms.
Meze	503
Bouziques	508
Balarne-les-B.	513
Cette	518
La Peyrade	522
Frontignan	525
Mireval	533
Montpellier	546
Castelnau	549
Vendargus	555
Baillarques	559
St. Bres	560
Gare de Valergues	563
Lunel Viel	566
Lunel	569
Le Pont de Lunel	572
Vehaud	584
Milhaud	587
Nimes	594
Gare du Manduel	603
St. Vincent	609
Jonquieres	610
Beaucaire	617
Tarascon	618
St. Etienne-de-Gras	624
Mas Blanc	627
St. Remy	633
Halte de St. Didier	641
Gare de Molleges	643
Le Peau d'Orgon	647
Orgon	652
Senas	658
La Crosiere	665
Le Pont Royal	668
Cazan	672
Libran	675
Lambesc	679
St. Connat	684
Gare d'Equilles	694
Aix-en-Provence	700
Chateauneuf-le-Rouge	713
Pourcieux	729
St. Maximin	736
Tourves	743
Brignoles	755
Flassans	769
Le Luc	779
Vidauban	790
Le Muy	802
Frejus	818
Auberge des Adrets	835
Tremblant	845
Cannes	856
Antibes	866
Le Pont du Var	879
Ste. Helene	883
Nice	886

BORDEAUX TO NICE.

(Total, 859 kiloms., or 534 miles.)

Places.	Kiloms.
Bordeaux	
Bautiran	22
Portets	25
Virelade	30
Podensac	33
Cerons	36
Barsac	39
Preignac	42
Langon	48
St. Macaire	50
St. Pierre d'Aurillac	53
Caudrot	60
Gironde	65
La Reole	69
La Mothe-Landeron	77
St. Bazeille	81
Marmande	88
Longueville	93
Bergains	98
Fanillet	101
Tonneins	106
Nicole	113
St. Come	118
Bousseres	120
Port St. Marie	125
Colayra	138
Agen	144
Bon-Encontre	148
St. Jean-de-Thurac	155
La Magistere	162
Valence d'Agen	168
Pontmevic	171
Boudon	179
Moissac	185
Les Nauses	188
Castelsarrasin	193
St. Martin-Belcasse	198
Escatalens	202
Finhan	211
Bessens	215
Grisolles	222
Bordeneuve	227
Castelnau d'Estretefonds	229
Lalande	245
Toulouse	250
St. Agne	255
Castenet	260
Donneville	267
Mongiscard	269
Besiege	273
Villefranche-de-Lauraguois	284
Avignonet	291
Las Bastide d'Anjou	297
Castelnaudary	306
Villepinte	327
Abzonne	336
Pozens	343
Carcassone	352
Narbonne	409
Beziers	434
Nimes	567
St. Remy	606
Aix-en-Provence	673
Brignoles	728
Frejus	791
Cannes	829
Nice	859

BOULOGNE (France) TO FRANKFURT A. M. (Germany).

(Total 737 kiloms., or 458 miles.)

Boulogne
Saumur
Montreuil
Ecquemicourt
Hesdin
Wail
Frevent
Avesnes-le-Comte
Warlus
Arras (127 kiloms. from Boulogne)
Ayette
Puizieux
Mailly
Hedauville
Albert (30 kiloms. from Arras)
Bray-sur-Somme
Proyart
Foucancourt
Estrees
Vermand
St. Quentin (57 kiloms. from Albert)
Neuville
Sery-sur-Mezieres

Surfontaine
Monceau-Les-Loups
Couvron
Laon (42 kiloms. from St. Quentin)
Bruyeres
Monthenault
Vendresse
Pontavert
Berry-au-Bac
Rheims (58 kiloms. from Laon and 314 kiloms. from Boulogne)
St. Hilaire
Jonchery
Suippes (41 kiloms. from Rheims)
Somme-Tourbe
Valmy
St. Menehould
Clermont-en-Argonne.
Recicourt
Verdun (72 kiloms. from Suippes)
Mamheulles
Maizeray
Mars-le-Touc
Razonville
Metz (63 kiloms. from Verdun)
Contchen
Boulay
Teterchen
Merten
Oberherrn
Difjerten
St. Johann A. S. (71 kiloms. from Metz)
St. Ingbert
Homburg
Muhlbach
Landstuhler (51 kiloms. from St. Johann)
Kaiserslautern
Enkenbach
Eisenburg
Asselheim
Offshein
Worms (63 kiloms. from Landstuhler)
Biblis
Gernsheim
Darmstadt (36 kiloms. from Worms)
Langen
Frankfurt A. M. (26 kiloms. from Darmstadt; 423 kiloms. from Reims; 737 kiloms. from Boulogne)

ROTTERDAM TO FRANKFURT A. M.

(Total, 477 kiloms., or 296 miles.)

Rotterdam
Kralingen
Nieuerkerk
Gouda
Haastrecht
Oudewater
Demeern
Utrecht (44 kiloms. from Rotterdam)
De Bilt
Zeist
Rijenburg
Driebergen
Doorn
Liersum
Amerongen
Elst
Rhenen
Laaeind
Wageningen
Renkum
Heelsum
Arnheim (63 kiloms. from Utrecht)
Malburgen Ferry
Huissen
Bemmel
Nijmegen (17½ kiloms. from Arnheim)
Kranenberg
Cleve
Calcar (35½ kiloms.)
Xanten
Rheinberg
Mors
Verdingen (38½ kiloms.)
Krefeld
Fischen
Osterath
Bruhl
Dusseldorf (26 kiloms.)
Holthsen
Benrath
Langenfeld
Hittorf
Cologne (35 kiloms.)
Godorf
Wesselingen

Widdig
Bonn
Godesberg
Oberwinter
Sinzig (54½ kiloms.)
Nieder Breisig
Andernach
Coblentz (36 kiloms.)
Capellen
Nieder Spay
Salsig
St. Goar
Oberwesel (42 kiloms.)
Bacharach
Bingen
Ingelheim
Mayence (Mainz) (51¼ kiloms.)
Kastel
Hocheim
Weilbach
Hattersheim
Frankfurt A. M. (33½ kiloms. and 477 kiloms. or 296 miles from Rotterdam)

ROTTERDAM TO MUNICH.

(Via Strasburg—following the Rhine. Total, 983 kiloms., or 611 miles.)

Rotterdam
Gouda
Utrecht (44 kiloms.)
Arnheim (63 kiloms.)
Dusseldorf (117 kiloms.)
Cologne (35 kiloms.)
Coblentz (90½ kiloms.)
Oberwesel (42 kiloms.)
Bingen (22½ kiloms.)
Mayence (29 kiloms.)
Bodenheim
Opperheim
Guntersblum
Worms (45 kiloms.)
Frankenthal
Ludwigshafen
Speyer (42 kiloms.)
Germersheim
Lauterburg
Selz
Wanzenau
Strasburg (113 kiloms., or 643 kiloms, or 399 miles from Rotterdam)
Kehl
Oberkirch
Oppenau
Freudenstadt (63 kiloms.)
Dornstetten
Horb
Bildechingen
Ergenzingen
Rothenburg (45 kiloms.)
Tubingen
Jettenburg
Reutlingen (24 kiloms.)
Metzingen
Dettingen
Urach (19 kiloms.)
Bohringen
Feldstetten
Blaubeuren
Ulm (52 kiloms.)
Leipheim
Gunzburg
Burgau
Zusmarshsein
Augsburg (72 kiloms.)
Bruck (40 kiloms.)
Munich (25 kiloms.)

CALAIS OR BOULOGNE TO CLERMONT, AVOIDING PARIS.

(Total, 698 kiloms., or 434 miles.)

Places.	Kiloms.	Places.	Kiloms.
Calais		Gisors	216
Boulogne	32	Valecourt	226
Montreuil	67	Magny	231
Abbeville	107	Amcourt	240
Beauvais	185	Fontenay St. Pere	246
La Houssaye	200	Mantes	251

Places.	Miles.	Places.	Kiloms.
Richebourg	272	Le Pont-aux-Moines	407
Houdan	278	Chateauneuf-sur-Loire	420
Nogent-le-Roi	297	Les Bordes	435
Maintenon	305	Onzoner-sur-Loire	442
Chartres	323	Gien	457
Le Hasard	334	Briare	466
Frainville	338	Cosne	497
Ymonville	351	La Charite	525
Allaines	359	Nevers	550
Artenay	374	Moulins	604
Chevilly	381	Gannat	658
Cercottes	386	Riom	683
Orleans	396	Clermont-Ferrand	698
Gare de St. Jean-de-Braye	401		

HAVRE TO CLERMONT-FERRAND, AVOIDING PARIS.

(Total, 616 kiloms., or 383 miles.)

	Kiloms.		Kiloms.
Havre		Cosne	415
Yvetot	52	La Charite	443
Rouen	89	Nevers	468
Mantes	169	Moulins	522
Chartres	241	Gannat	576
Orleans	314	Riom	601
Gien	375	Clermont-Ferrand	616
Briare	384		

DIEPPE TO CLERMONT-FERRAND, via PARIS.

(Dieppe to Paris, 186 kiloms., or 116 miles; Paris to Clermont, 375 kiloms, or 233 miles. Total, 561 kiloms., or 349 miles.)

	Kiloms.		Kiloms.
Dieppe		Montargis	288
Ormonville	16	Briare	329
Biville	24	Cosne	360
Totes	29	La Charite	388
Malaunay	46	Nevers	413
Maromme	52	Moulins	467
Rouen	58	Gannat	521
Mantes	138	Riom	546
Paris	186	Clermont-Ferrand	561
Melun	226		

A THREE-DAY TRIP FROM PARIS.

The following is one of the finest of itineraries to follow to form a just idea of the beautiful forests of Villers-Cotterets, Compiegne, Laigne and Chantilly, and visit the chateaux of

Pierrefonds, Compiegne, Coucy-le-Chateau, and the cathedrals of Meaux and Soissons.

First Day—Breakfast as Meaux or Villers-Cotterets; dine at Compiegne (visiting Soissons on the way).

Second Day—Breakfast at Soissons or Coucy-le-Chateau; return to Compiegne by Blerancourt Tracy-le-Mont, forest of Laigne (Foret de Laigne).

Third Day—Breakfast at Chantilly; return to Paris.

AN EIGHT-DAY ITINERARY TO THE CHATEAU DISTRICT.

The finest route for seeing the neighborhood of Tours (called la Touraine—the whole neighborhood).

First Day—Breakfast at Versailles or Rambouillet; dine and sleep at Chartres.

Second Day—Breakfast at Chateau d'Un or Vendome; dine and sleep at Tours.

Third Day—Visit the chateaux of Langeais, Chinon, Uzes, Azay-le-Rideau; sleep at Tours.

Fourth Day—Visit the chateaux of Ambroises, Loches, Chenonceaux; sleep at Tours.

Fifth Day—Visit the chateaux of Chaumont and Chambord; sleep at Blois.

Sixth Day—Visit the chateaux of Montrichard, Sts. Aignan, Cheverny; sleep at Blois.

Seventh Day—Breakfast at Orleans; sleep at Pithiviers.

Eighth Day—Breakfast at Fontainebleau; see Barbizon and Paris.

Note—The above has been translated from the French and the term "breakfast" means the mid-day meal.

AUTOMOBILE TOURS IN FRANCE.

Itineraries From Paris of One Day.

PARIS TO VERSAILLES—30 miles round trip. Via Sevres, Ville d'Avray. Return by way of St. Germain.

PARIS TO FONTAINEBLEAU—70 miles return. Via Melun, tour of forest, etc. Also return via Corbeil.

PARIS TO COMPIEGNE—86 miles return. Via St. Denis, Senlis, etc.

Trips of Two Days.

TOURS—305 miles return. Via Chartres and Rambouillet; returning via Blois, Orleans, etc.

AMIENS—172 miles return. Via Compiegne, returning via Beauvais.

RHEIMS—182 miles return. Via Chateau Thierry, Epernay; return via Soissons.

ROUEN—166 miles return. Via Pontoise. Route very hard. Return via Vernon and Mantes.

Trips of Three Days.

BOULOGNE—326 miles return. Via Amiens, Abbeville.

CAEN—274 miles return. Via Mantes, Evreux Lisieux, etc.

HAVRE—264 miles. Via Rouen.

BOURGES—284 miles. Via Fontainbleau and Montargis. Return via Orleans.

LIMOGES—246 miles. Via Orleans and Chateauroux. Return via Chartres.

CLERMONT-FERRAND—239 miles. Via Nevers and Moulins-Vichy.

Trips of Four Days.

ANGOULEME—281 miles. Via Chartres, Tours, Poitiers, etc.

LYONS—308 miles. Via Auxerre, Macon, etc.

Trips of Five Days or More.

BRUSSELS—225 miles. Via Laon, Mons, etc.

BORDEAUX—363 miles. Via Angouleme.

GENEVA—325 miles. Via Troyes, Dijon, etc., or Macon.

GRENOBLE—378 miles. Via Nevers, Lyons, etc.

ORANGE—439 miles. Via Lyons.

AVIGNON—457 miles. Via Macon, Lyons, etc.

MARSEILLES—512 miles. Via Macon, Lyons, etc.

The cost of an automobile for these trips varies with the type of machine used, but an ordinary one may be had for from $20 per day, including the chauffeur.

The expenses for board for the chauffeur must be borne by the party renting the automobile.

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